The Nation.

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The Week.

THE speech of ex-Governor Merriam of Minnesota at the bankers' convention at Atlanta was very judicious in itself, but its chief significance lies in the fact that a conservative banker, who is also a trusted Republican leader, declares in it that the greenback currency is now a national stumbling-block, and that it ought to be superseded by a bank currency of an elastic kind based upon money and not upon Government bonds. The latter phrase may seem paradoxical to some, but it is nevertheless truly descriptive of the thing we most need. We have learned, or ought to have learned, by this time, that a currency to be really serviceable must expand and contract simultaneously with the expansion and contraction of business, and that neither the greenbacks nor the national banknotes do this or ever did. The Government's legal-tender notes are a fixed sum. Within this fixed sum there may be more or less of them in circulation, according to the collections and disbursements of the Government, or, as in recent instances, according to the sales of bonds and the demands of gold-exporters. These changes are not what we mean by expansion and contraction according to the needs of business. Such changes were never looked for when the legal-tender notes were first created, in 1862, nor when the later issues were made in 1890, on the basis of silver bullion. The first was a war measure and the second was a political dodge, as everybody who is capable of forming an opinion on these matters understands. Expansion and contraction must be looked for in the bank issues if anywhere, but our system has a requirement that the bank must first lodge with the Government something more than $1.10 for every dollar of currency that it puts out. At present the amount required is $1.15 per dollar. The operation is still further hampered by red tape, so that two or three months must elapse before the new currency can be made available, and then the demand may have mainly ceased. As ex-Governor Merriam showed in his speech, this is not an elastic currency. We may have a secure currency under the present system, but we cannot have one which responds to the public demand.

Senator Chandler publishes in the Concord *Monitor* a comforting letter to the officers of the Republican State League of Colorado, assuring them that if they stand firmly by the Republican party, and if the party is kept in power continuously for about twenty years, certain things will happen for the benefit of silver. These are (1) that the decline in the price of silver bullion will be arrested by an international agreement; (2) that the price will be made to rise gradually; and (3) that "it will be brought to an equality with gold, within a period somewhat shorter than the twenty years during which demonetization has been making its deadly progress." The gentleman to whom the letter is addressed might reply in the language of the gambler who was offered by a fellow-gambler his note, at twenty years, for the losses of an evening's play: "Twenty years—isn't that rather hencey?" The silverites contend that twenty years, and more, have been running against them now. If they are to wait twenty years more, the total will be forty or more. Besides, there is no guarantee that Chandler will be living twenty years from now, or if living will be able to carry out the arrangement. The letter looks like a scheme for delay, and will be so considered, we think, by the Colorado people. Yet the strong point in Chandler's favor is, that they cannot do any better. If they turn to the Democrats, they are likely to get as bad terms. Chandler says they will get worse terms. And as for the Populists, they are a declining faction anyway, and may not be in the field twenty years, or even five years, hence. Moreover, the people of Colorado, at the end of twenty years, may not want silver remonetized at all. Indeed, this is most probable, and we shouldn't wonder if Chandler were "banking" on that very hypothesis.

Senator Sherman's latest deliverance on the subject of the national finances ought not to be taken too seriously. It is impossible to know, at any particular time, whether his utterances on the stump represent his real views or not. Thus, in 1868, he joined hands with Ben Butler and George Pendleton in declaring that the Government bonds were payable in greenbacks, and he said that the bondholders were censurable for demanding payment in gold. He was the author of the inflation bill of 1874 that was vetoed by President Grant, with the slight difference that he wanted the greenback limit put at $382,000,000, while the bill as passed fixed it at $400,000,000. The volume of greenbacks had been reduced to $356,000,000 by law prior to 1873. During the panic of the latter year, Secretary Richardson had reissued $26,000,000 of the redeemed notes on his own responsibility, without authority of law. Senator Sherman proposed to sanction this act of inflation and violation of law, and reported the bill for that purpose. Senator Schurz moved to put the limit at $356,000,000, where it was before Richardson raised it. Mr. Sherman voted against the Schurz amendment. He also voted against the amendment to raise the amount to $400,000,000, but this was inserted in the bill, which passed both houses, and was vetoed by the President. It is true that Mr. Sherman voted against the bill, as amended, and he also voted to sustain the veto, but it was a difference of only $12,000,000. The terms of the veto message were directed against his bill as well as the one which actually passed.

It would probably be safe to say that Mr. Sherman has been, at one time or another, on both sides of every important question of finance that has been before the country in the past thirty or forty years. He was Secretary of the Treasury when the silver-remonetization bill was before Congress, in 1878, and he gave his influence in favor of that measure, by testifying before the finance committee that its passage would be an aid to specie resumption. We do not overlook the services he has rendered to the country in the course of this checkered career. As Senator and as Secretary, he was largely instrumental in the resumption of specie payments, perhaps more so than anybody else, and for this he will always have due credit. The criticism that will be visited upon him is that he habitually misleads people who are less well informed than himself, when he sees, or thinks that he sees, a political advantage in doing so. The result is generally more damaging to himself than to anybody else, because in every such case he loses some part of the confidence of the cultivated and capitalist classes with whom his political strength chiefly rests. In his recent speech at Massillon he maintains that the greenbacks are "the best form of paper money ever devised," and he censures President Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle for using the gold "specifically pledged for the redemption of United States notes to make good the deficiency of revenue caused by the Wilson-Gorman-Brice tariff law." This is simply ludicrous. Mr. Sherman cannot point to a dollar of gold that has been paid out for other purposes than the redemption of legal-tender notes; and as for the Wilson-Gorman-Brice tariff bill, that was not passed until August, 1894, whereas the sale of bonds to replenish the gold reserve began in February of that year, and could not have been avoided without causing national bankruptcy. President Cleveland, without much previous training in financial matters, possesses the confidence of financiers in a far greater degree than Mr. Sherman does now, or ever did in his palmiest days. He has achieved this preëminence by telling the truth at all times and acting upon it at all times.

Senator Sherman's loud demand for a restoration of the McKinley bill, "with

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modifications," does not seem very powerfully to impress the Republican statesmen now gathering in this city to settle the policy to be pursued by their party in the next Congress. They understand perfectly that any demand of Mr. Sherman's is always itself to be taken "with modifications," and they are now said to be engaged in supplying the modifications. Ex-Speaker Reed is, as he has been all along, against any tariff bill whatever next winter. He firmly withstands the blandishments of the interviewer, and regrets exceedingly that he will not be able to make any political speeches this fall; but privately he tells the party statesmen that Congress must do nothing except possibly revise one or two of the "schedules." But even this cautious suggestion has proved very much like taking a dog by the ears. "Revising the schedules, eh?" cried the Ohio wool-men, with minds and ears erect like the folks in Virgil; "well, we have a nice little wool schedule that you'd better not overlook in the shuffle." So had the ore-men a schedule, and the iron-men, and the potato-men, and eke the silver-men. They have all thoroughly mastered the protectionist lesson, so long dinned into their ears, that no schedule liveth or dieth unto itself. To their cynical minds, revising the other fellow's schedule and leaving their own to take care of itself is a most bare-faced and selfish proceeding, which they will not tolerate for a moment. It is only by amalgamating several thousand bits of selfishness that you arrive at that grand mosaic of pure benevolence known as a protective tariff.

"No American pig iron in Canada," says the *American Manufacturer* of Pittsburgh. "Our pig iron has been forced out of the Canadian market. . . . Even in western Ontario, where American pig some time ago monopolized the entire trade, it has since been driven out." This calamitous result would seem to be sufficiently accounted for by facts reported in the columns of the same paper week after week, implying, or rather affirming, that the home demand for iron was far in excess of the supply, and was limited only by the amount of foreign ore that could be secured on outstanding contracts. If this is true, it follows that American pig, instead of being "driven out" of the markets of western Ontario, where it monopolized the entire trade some time ago, has been drawn out by our own buyers. It has been attracted away from Canada by the offering of higher prices at home. Some people are never satisfied. When prices are good, and the public call for more iron than can be supplied, they want a part of the consumers to wait until they can catch up, and if they cannot meet the demand of a particular market, either domestic or foreign, they think that they have been driven out of it with a bludgeon, and that the police ought to be summoned.

The Ohio Republicans are trying to make beer an issue in their canvass. There has been more or less said, among Republicans as well as Democrats, about the advisability of doubling the tax of one dollar a barrel on beer as the best way of meeting the deficiency in the revenues. The Republican organs in Ohio think it good policy to treat the project as purely Democratic, and to argue therefrom that the brewing interests ought to vote for the Republican candidate for Governor in the approaching election. The Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* says that "the Republican party has shown by its action, through Congress, in the last fifteen years, that it favors, not the increase of internal taxes, but a decrease"; and it thinks that "the brewers of Cincinnati understand this business pretty well, and they will hardly, in view of the pending Democratic policy, be in a hurry to go to the polls in November in this city and vote the Democratic ticket." The brewers probably have little fear of any increase of the tax, with a Presidential campaign coming on in which neither party wants to run any risk of offending so important a vote.

It is reported from Washington that Secretary Carlisle will recommend in his annual report an additional tax of $1 a barrel on beer. If the Treasury must have, certainly and speedily, an added $25,000,000 to $30,000,000 a year, there is no better way to get it. But if such a tax is laid, or even recommended by the Secretary, it will be a curious illustration of the way we do things in this country. The whole subject was thoroughly studied by Mr. D. A. Wells in 1893. This was done at the request of Mr. Carlisle and the Ways and Means Committee. The results were submitted by Mr. Wells in his usual lucid style, but the Democratic majority simply said, "That's all right," threw the pamphlet into the waste-basket, and plunged into the income-tax madness. It would now be quite in keeping with our methods of helter-skelter taxation if the expert suggestions which, two years ago, were scorned as the idle dreaming of a theorist who had not the faintest conception of the way to hold "the German vote," should be taken up as an original and profound discovery.

The political situation in this city is probably the most "mixed" ever seen. There is scarcely an element of it which is not subdivided in one way or another. The reformers are divided between Goo Goo and Fusion. The Goo Goos are themselves divided, four of their clubs having formally refused to support the ticket, and a large element in the membership of other clubs desiring to do the same thing. The Fusionists are scarcely more harmonious, especially the Republican wing of them. The Platt section is at war with the anti-Platt for bringing Warner Miller here to make a speech. The *Tribune* sustains Miller, and charges Platt with treachery to a portion of the Republican ticket. The Germans are divided into two sections, one, under Ridder, going over to Tammany Hall, and the other, under all the most reputable leaders they ever had, supporting the Fusion ticket. Tammany itself is rent with dissensions and jealousies and hatreds, and has a ticket in the field which many of its members declare openly that they will not support. Circling around this general confusion appear Thurlow Weed Barnes and a considerable host of other political thinkers of like calibre, who imagine if they talk violently and foolishly they will convince the public that they are really great men and leaders of the people. It is an era of little men in politics, evidently, but we do not believe that the public will be so much confused by their clamor that the real issue of Tammany against anti-Tammany will be obscured.

Mr. Chamberlain's plan of dealing with the Venezuelan question is to be commended from every point of view, because it proposes to do something instead of disputing for ever. It was this policy which made an end of the Corinto dispute. As long as it was a war of words, everybody in the United States had an opinion, although nobody knew anything about the merits, and those who were loudest in the expression of their views had the least desire to know anything. Nobody cares about Corinto now, and few even remember that there was such an affair. Yet if it had been nursed along for ten or fifteen years, as the Venezuelan question has been, there would have been an increasing number of blatherskite politicians and newspapers prepared to prove that the British claim on Nicaragua was unfounded, and that the enforcement of it was a violation of the Monroe doctrine; and a corresponding number of Fighting Bobs in the navy anxious to win the approval of the newspapers. We do not profess to be better informed than other people concerning the merits of the Venezuelan question, but we are strongly of the opinion that it is no concern of ours, and that the Monroe doctrine would have nothing to do with it even if that doctrine were an accepted part of international law, as it is not. President Monroe, when he propounded that doctrine, put it upon the ground that "the political system of the allied powers is essentially different from that of America," meaning that there was danger to republican institutions from the spread of their sway in this hemisphere. Now, nobody can apprehend the spread of anti-republican doctrines and forms of government as a consequence of the adjustment of the disputed Venezuelan boundary, in any case, since the British colonies are more republican (although less anarchistic) than the general run of Central and South American governments,

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Mr. Chamberlain's policy is to bring the sore to a head and have it tapped, instead of leaving it to fester ten or fifteen years longer. This is desirable especially to us, since the longer the dispute is open, the more will this class of quarrels multiply. If these Spanish-American republics can drag us into all their difficulties with European Powers, we shall presently have nothing else to do but attend to them.

The temperance people in England have begun to recover somewhat from the stunning blow given to their local-option scheme by the late election. At the meeting of the National Temperance Congress, which opened on the 1st of October in London, the President, Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, the eminent doctor, delivered an address which has attracted a great deal of attention, owing both to its power and the novelty of his treatment. He dwelt particularly on the fact "that every man and woman should in the matter of total abstinence be a law unto themselves," and that the more widely the operation of this law extended, the less important would "crude and biassed parliamentary legislation" become. He pointed out, too, that the influence of literature which for three thousand years had sung the praises of alcohol, was not to be overcome in a day, and that it still counted for a great deal in the way the young are taught to regard alcoholic drinks. He said in support of this that 'Pickwick' was "an alcoholic story from beginning to end, and that there never could have been such characters as those in it if alcohol had not performed its ridiculous part on them and by them." The rôle of brandy and water in the book is certainly very great. But his best point was that the work of temperance legislation must be in the main personal rather than parliamentary. No such thoroughly effective Sunday closing can come from any legislation as from the unwillingness of individuals to go to the public-house; and the success of cafés and temperance saloons must depend largely on the growth of a public which likes them and *finds in itself* other sources of entertainment and excitement than alcoholic drinks. As a general rule the class which has fewest sources of amusement, or nervous recreation, is the one most disposed to drink. This is one of the most familiar facts of daily life, and it is full of suggestion for legislators and reformers. To the ignorant laboring man, alcohol supplies something which other people get in other ways and will not go without. Asking him to give it up is somewhat like asking the well-to-do not to go to the theatre, opera, or concerts, not to read novels, not to go to dinners or evening parties, not to travel, and to sit at home on Sunday, reading religious books. That is, it lifts him for the moment into another world, where things seem brighter and more beautiful than the sordid one he lives in, and opens up possibilities to him of which in his natural state he never dreams.

The exact terms of the Armenian settlement are not yet made known, but it appears to be certain that the Sultan has agreed to give representatives or nominees of the Powers the right to supervise the execution of the promised reforms. Without this the whole thing would be a farce, as the unvarying experience since the treaty of Berlin shows. For twenty years the Turks have been doing their own reforming, in accordance with the solemn pledges of that treaty, and the main result has been to make the last state of Armenians and Macedonians worse than the first. Turkish tender mercies are cruel, and the crimes committed in the name of Turkish reform are enough of themselves to justify European interference on the score of humanity. Lord Salisbury has had too long and melancholy an experience of deception and promise-breaking at the hands of the Porte to trust it out of his sight again, and, if he now accepts the Sultan's terms of surrender, it will be presumptive proof that they are satisfactory. The pith of the whole is European oversight. The Sultan's reforming zeal always ebbs and flows with the going and coming of war-ships in the Bosphorus. These will probably not be withdrawn until the reforms which the Porte has been frightened into promising, it shall also be frightened into executing.

"Collectivism" in Switzerland has recently encountered another decided check. The overcrowded condition of the match industry in that country has led the smaller factories to impose upon their workmen by means of a wretched "truck" system, and factory inspection has wholly failed to do away with the extremely unhealthy nature of the business itself. The Federal Legislature, accordingly, proposed an amendment to the Constitution by which the whole business should be taken over by the Government. The cantons voted on this proposal on September 29, and rejected it by the extraordinary majority of nearly 40,000. According to the London *Speaker*, the proposal had the support of the Socialists, the German radicals, and humanitarians generally; moreover, about half the total electorate abstained from voting. A vote of 600 nays to 359 ayes was the answer of the district of Frutigen in the Kanderthal, where some of the worst evils of the trade are found; while in the Valais the adverse majority was as forty-three to one, one hundred communes voting solidly in the negative.

No indictment of socialistic doctrine could be more severe or just than that which Prof. Sidgwick makes in the last *Economic Journal*, where he says that "no positive contribution of importance has been made to economic science by any socialist writer throughout the century." This criticism suggests the almost unvarying character of the utopian writing that passes for "scientific socialism." The most it ever does is to appropriate, usually in a muddled way, some truth or half-truth of political economy, and then urge with great vehemence that, if these things are so, there is no stopping short of the whole socialistic programme. It knows nothing of the patient and prolonged inquiry, the massing and sifting of facts, the reflection, the maturing and testing of theories, which alone can produce a work of value in any field of investigation. Learning at second hand, and newspaper and magazine clippings, are usually enough for our instructors in the blessings of socialism; they were enough, for example, for Mr. Kidd, whose 'Social Evolution' revealed only the reading of a clerk filling up a scrap-book in odd hours. But it is too late in the day for such a method to set us all right at one stroke. Prof. Sidgwick makes a neat point in the matter of socialistic experiment. "Never mind our theories," say the socialists; "just look at our experiments." But he says he has looked at all the historical experiments, and that they are all failures. Why are there no modern experiments? Oh, it would not be "scientific" to make any by groups, or communities, in the old style; we must have "the state" make them. Very well, says Prof. Sidgwick, just keep your eye on Germany. "One nation will probably be found sufficient; and I trust that we shall all agree to yield the post of honor to Germany in this branch of the pursuit of knowledge."

Two mining engineers, Messrs. Hatch and Chalmers, have published a book on the South African gold mines, or rather on those of the Rand district, in which they estimate the future yield at a higher figure and a longer duration than any previous writers have done. They believe that mining operations can be carried to the depth of 5,000 feet, and without any greater expense than is now incurred, but this the London *Economist* thinks is most improbable, since the price of native labor is likely to rise and the value of gold measured by commodities is likely to fall. Messrs. Hatch and Chalmers estimate the annual yield of the mines at the end of the present century at £26,000,000, which is £6,000,000 higher than any former estimate. This is equivalent to $126,000,000, or three times the present annual yield. If the other gold-producing districts of the world merely remain stationary, the aggregate yearly production will then be about $280,000,000, or nearly double the highest rate known in the fifties. But, even allowing that the views of Messrs. Hatch and Chalmers are correct, the *Economist* contends that the present capitalization of Rand mining stocks is grossly excessive.

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THE VENEZUELA TROUBLE.

WHETHER Great Britain or Venezuela has the better historical and legal title to the territory so long in dispute between those two countries, no one without the easy omniscience of a Lodge, a Campbell, a Blaine, or a *Tribune* editor would venture to decide offhand. It is an intricate and dubious question. England derives from the Dutch, Venezuela from the Spanish, possessions; but just what were the boundaries of each it is difficult to tell. Those who wish to see the evidence on either side in condensed form should consult Senate Executive Document 226, Fiftieth Congress, first session. Therein the Venezuelan case is set forth by different hands, as is also Earl Granville's outline of the British claims, with the evidence to support them, historical, diplomatic, and geographical. The controversy is eminently one for experts to pass upon, and for arbitration to determine.

Our Secretaries of State of recent years have all had something to say about the conflicting evidence in the case, and most of them have refused to discover the truth, as only a great historical scholar like Senator Lodge can, "at a glance." Secretary Gresham declined to express "an opinion concerning the merits of the historical and other data upon which the conflicting territorial claims may respectively rest." Secretary Frelinghuysen was equally modest—or lethargic, if one chooses. He refused to commit this country to any "prejudged solution in favor of Venezuela," and added that the United States "does not seek to put itself forward as the arbiter of international disputes affecting America." Mr. Bayard, when Secretary, wrote to Minister Phelps instructing him to propose our good offices to heal the quarrel and to bring about arbitration, but weakly referred to the dispute as "merely one of geographical limits and title, not of attempted political jurisdiction." It was reserved for Mr. Blaine, in 1890, to discover that "the volume of evidence in favor of Venezuela is overwhelming."

This will be conclusive with all those who have forgotten how Mr. Blaine's Bering Sea evidence was equally overwhelming. In that case he had his maps, his treaties, his international law all ready to confound the English diplomats, and he did confound and triumph over them most gloriously in every Republican newspaper and stump speech for many resounding months. But on an evil day his overwhelming evidence was submitted to an international tribunal of arbitration, and the whole of it was laughed out of court, even one of his own arbitrators voting that the Blaine history and geography were pure myth. That was the first and only time that one of the Blaine international arguments was passed upon by competent judges, and the humiliating results ought to make us a little circumspect. Certainly, if we now see that it would have been folly to go to war, on our own account, for a case in which Mr. Blaine knew that we were overwhelmingly right, we ought to have some better warrant than his to go to war in behalf of another country. The overwhelming might turn out of another sort.

Another thing to bear in mind in the whole controversy is, that the Venezuelan authorities have all along been visibly anxious to draw us into their quarrel. In fact, if we will not fight for them, they are ready to quit at any time. This appears over and over again in the correspondence. In 1881 the Venezuelan President showed our Minister an "ultimatum" which he was ready to hurl at Great Britain, provided he were "assured of the support of the Government of the United States." This was during Mr. Blaine's first secretaryship, but he was busy elsewhere, and strangely ignored this appeal for backing. Two years later Venezuela felt of Mr. Frelinghuysen, saying that she herself could "never afford the means to stop Great Britain," but hoping that she might find help and encouragement in the Monroe doctrine. But the Secretary coldly wrote to Mr. Lowell that "formal action in the direction of applying that doctrine to a *speculative case* affecting Venezuela seemed to me to be inopportune, and I could not advise Venezuela to arouse a discussion of the point."

The most curious of all these appeals to us was made in 1887. Venezuela had unlawfully detained two English schooners, and had refused to pay the damages demanded. Thereupon came a note from the Governor of Trinidad, giving the Government seven days in which to pay over $40,000, or else to be "responsible for any consequences that may arise." There was a great scurrying about to find the American Minister. Alas, he would do nothing except write home about it. Then the dean of the diplomatic corps was appealed to, but he wrote back, with the deepest sympathy, that the members had decided unanimously that it was not their duty "in any way to interfere." So the money had to be paid, as the Minister for Foreign Affairs expressed it in his note, "to avoid ulterior complications." The same course will doubtless follow Lord Salisbury's recent demand for reparation for the arrest and detention of British officials.

As we said, the right to the disputed territory seems to be just the kind of question that should be submitted to arbitration, and Monday's London despatches show that England will agree so to submit it. It is certain that she by no means takes it for granted that the territory in controversy is all to be hers. The British authorities in Demerara notify prospectors and miners that "England will not guarantee protection or compensation in case boundary questions are decided in favor of Venezuela." In 1885 a treaty of arbitration was all but closed between Earl Granville and Guzman Blanco, but Salisbury came into power and insisted upon modifications which wrecked the negotiation. Shortly afterwards, in 1887, Venezuela broke off diplomatic relations with Great Britain, and since then nothing has been done except to aggravate the ill-feeling on both sides. Our Government has throughout been friendly to both countries, and will doubtless so continue, ready to do anything in its power to compose the difficulties. When Venezuela finds out that Salisbury and Chamberlain mean what they say, and that our Government means what it says—that there is no possibility of a bloody Monroe-doctrine war, in which we should get all the hard knocks and the Venezuelans all the glory—negotiations with England will probably be reopened and the prolonged dispute amicably settled.

UNION PACIFIC REORGANIZATION.

THE plan of reorganization of the Union Pacific Railway was promulgated on Thursday. We shall not undertake to deal with those parts of it which are of a purely private nature—as to what each class of security holders ought to receive, or ought to pay for the privilege of receiving something hereafter. Those are matters of detail which only the parties in interest are competent to deal with. There is a large public interest in the road—indeed, a public interest of two kinds. The Government holds a second mortgage on the main line of road amounting to $53,000,000 of principal and interest. The possession of this claim and the impossibility of its being paid in full at maturity have led a large number of people along the line of the road and on the Pacific Coast to demand that the Government take the road and operate it.

When this subject was before Congress last January, we remarked that there were two methods of dealing with the second-mortgage debt. One was to extend the debt and take such security as the company could give, and the other was to assume the prior mortgage of thirty-three millions, and take the road and operate it as public property. It happens that the debt comes due at a very unfavorable time, the earnings of the company having fallen off heavily. It results from this that a sale of the road under the Government's second mortgage would probably find no bidders. The only persons who have any motive or encouragement to come to the rescue are the stockholders. They control the branch lines and feeders. A new company bidding at a mortgage sale would be compelled not merely to assume the first mortgage, but to make terms with the owners of the branches, who would be pretty sure to get the best end of the bargain. So, practically, the Government would have to take the property and operate it, or extend the debt.

There was a bill before Congress at that time known as the Reilly bill. It was the

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result of much labor, and had been reported by the House committee on Pacific railroads. There is no reason to suppose that it was inspired by any other motive than the public good. It proposed to extend the Government's mortgage for fifty years at 3 per cent. interest. "The question before us," said Mr. Lockwood of New York, "is simply a question whether you will collect the debt that is owing by these Pacific railroads to the Government, or whether you will abandon your claim—for it ultimately means that—and squander more millions in litigation, and, by a foreclosure on the part of the Government, take possession of the roads, operate and manage them by the Government; or, on the other hand, you can now make a business arrangement and settlement of the Government's claim in the same manner as individuals would settle their business affairs, and thus secure the payment of every dollar, principal and interest, of the money due to the Government of the United States by the roads."

This was a truthful statement of the facts, coupled with the best possible advice, but the House, to the surprise of all who looked for the exercise of common sense in dealing with the matter, voted by about seventy majority to reject the bill and to take no action whatever; since, at that stage of the session, there was not sufficient time to prepare a new measure if any had been proposed by those who voted down the old one. The Reilly bill, it may be said, was the product of more than ten years' discussion of this very question during successive Congresses, guided by the light of two or three voluminous and exhaustive investigations. One of these, which was made by a commission consisting of Gov. Pattison, David Littler, and Ellery Anderson, had sifted every particle of testimony and brought out every fact that could possibly have a bearing on the question, and all this was before Congress in an official form.

But this was not wanted. Facts were not wanted. Common sense was thrown out of the window. The bill was rejected in the interest of buncombe. "The only thing for this House to do," said one of the principal speakers against the bill, "in order to maintain the dignity of the American Congress and the sovereignty of this Government, is to stand still and allow the officers of the Government to go forward with their foreclosure proceedings, sell this property out, and get rid of the entire business." This was a proposition to sacrifice the whole claim in order to save the Government's dignity. But how was any dignity to be saved by throwing $53,000,000 over one's shoulder? The same speaker who favored us with the foregoing sentiment explained his meaning. "If we pass this bill," he said, "we shall condone all the frauds, all the crimes, all the thefts, all the robberies that these directors and stockholders have committed against the Government of the United States and the people of this country, and besides we shall continue to give them an additional subsidy for fifty years more." The directors and stockholders that he referred to were mostly dead. All chance of collecting anything from them, if they owed anything, was long past, as everybody knew. Yet the chance to make a parade of voting against capitalists, monopolists, robber-barons, and what not, could not be missed, even though the Government's claim was put in jeopardy. So the bill was rejected.

Obviously the Government ought to do what the private holders of a second mortgage would do under like circumstances. It should aim to get its money—if not now, then at some future time—and it should accept such rate of interest meanwhile as the property can pay, even if it were as low as 1 per cent. Half a loaf is better than no bread. What has this generation to do with the sins of the Crédit Mobilier of thirty years ago? How can the present shareholders or bondholders be made answerable for transactions which took place in the sixties, whether they were good, bad, or indifferent in themselves? It has happened that the reorganization of the Union Pacific property has been slow, and that Congress will have one more chance to save the money due to the Government. If this Congress, too, takes no action, the foreclosure of the first mortgage will undoubtedly receive the sanction of the courts, even if it cuts off the Government's claim, and public opinion will justify it, since the rights of the Government in the premises are in no wise superior to those of individual citizens.

In a very handy monograph on the history of the Union Pacific Railway, by Henry Kirke White, just published by the University of Chicago press, one fact, which has been generally forgotten, is brought out, namely, that a number of leading statesmen, at the time when the subsidy was voted, said in public debate that they did not expect that the money would be repaid. Messrs. Clark of New Hampshire, Morrill of Vermont, Wilson of Massachusetts, and others were of this opinion. They voted for the subsidy, not because they thought that the Government would get its money back, but because they considered it a good investment for the Government in other ways. The only Senator quoted by Mr. White who believed that the road would be a paying investment was Lane of Kansas, a blatherskite in most matters, but who happened to be nearer the truth in this particular than any of the wise men who sat beside him. Lane said in 1862 that the road when completed would be "one of the great paying thoroughfares of the world." Of course, he did not contemplate that six or seven other Pacific railroads would be built in competition with this one. It was his idea, and that of the other Senators of that period, that there would be only one, and all of them except Lane thought that that one would not pay. Yet the Union Pacific alone, with its western terminus at Ogden, earned $22,000,000 gross and $10,000,000 net in the year 1880, and paid dividends on its common stock.

BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION.

If there be any philosophic observer in either hemisphere to-day who does not understand why the government of New York has for forty years been so bad, we advise him to study the existing situation. It contains the whole New York problem as in a nutshell. As we have pointed out in these columns a hundred times, the central fact of the failure of popular government in this city is that the vicious and ignorant are united solidly, while the intelligent and virtuous are split up into many sects and parties; and yet the intelligent, virtuous, and industrious are in a large majority, and must be so, or the social organization would break up. There never has been an election for half a century in which the union of the latter would not have put the administration of the city into good hands. It is the perception of this fact many years ago by a few shrewd adventurers which has made Tammany the power that it is, and our government the disgrace that it has been.

Moreover, the good people have always had a reason to give for these dissensions. They have never divided through pure "cussedness." The principal reason always was that they "would never under any circumstances vote for a Republican" or "for a Democrat," as the case might be. To vote for a Democrat, the Republican considered, would be a condonation of all the enormities committed by the Democrats everywhere since 1857; while to vote for a Republican, the Democrats considered, would be an endorsement of the Republican tariff policy, the pensions, and corruption generally. Both had a "principle" to show for their course. The result was that Tammany generally got the offices, while the other parties had their "principle." The most striking example of the way the "principle" worked was the election of 1888, when the Republicans insisted on running a third candidate, and finally handed the city over completely to Tammany, with the results that we know of.

We have been actively engaged in pointing all this out to the public for twenty years, but we have no doubt we might have gone on for twenty years more without much result but for the revelations of the Lexow investigation. That roused the people, much in the way an earthquake or an inundation does. We all said: "This is horrible; this must stop. We must try non-partisanship, and get through non-partisanship a business administration of city affairs." Under the influence of this excitement we at last got the Good to unite, and the result showed that we were right in our oft-repeated assertion that they had only to

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unite in order to overthrow the Bad. But hey had to unite by consulting with and winning over the various warring sections of the olden time. They united, in short, for non-partisanship on the old partisan basis. They conferred in the old way with the various "organizations," and persuaded them with the old arguments and promises. Not one of the candidates was "ideal," or anything like ideal. Of Mayor Strong few of the voters knew anything. He was taken to satisfy the Republicans. The recordership, the Supreme Court judgeship, and the shrievalty were given to the State Democracy and the Germans. The difficulties of getting all these people to agree on the ticket were very great—so great, indeed, that we confess that the very day before the agreement was reached we felt satisfied that the enterprise would fail, as it had so often failed before.

The gain that followed was immense, but it consisted mainly, not in the establishment of any distinctly new régime, but in the defeat of Tammany. In that lay the spoils of victory, in spite of the fact that the Mayor went to work immediately to make appointments on the old plan of using the offices to reward supporters. We hailed the defeat with delight as a step in the right direction, for amid shouts of rejoicing of the tens of thousands who voted against Tammany on account of its amazing wickedness, the voices of thousands could be heard high and clear, proclaiming that this was not enough; that we must press on and embody the non-partisan idea in our city usages. That this non-partisan idea would or could, in one short year, however, be converted into a principle of division among good people, like the partisan idea of the Republicans and the Democrats, was, we confess, something which never occurred to us. Non-partisanship in the distribution of city offices, we knew, was something which not one-twentieth part of the voters understood, and something which only a very small body of them really desired. Even the non-partisan candidate for Mayor, as it turned out, did not know what the phrase meant. So we said to ourselves: "Our gains in the way of positive reform are wonderful, but if we are to make a distinct and permanent change in city administration, our main work for some years to come must be that of education and persuasion. These people who do not understand non-partisanship or want it, but who must be got to consent to its establishment, and who outnumber us ten to one, must be enlightened, and there are only two ways of doing this. One is by writing and talking; the other is by the practical illustration of non-partisanship in such departments as we can get and keep hold of—the Police and the Street-Cleaning Department, for instance, as the two which come most conspicuously under the popular eye. But all this will need time. We must, above all things, while we are carrying on our work, keep Tammany from getting again into power, which would throw us back for twenty years more. If, therefore, next year we make even a slight advance on our present position, if we get more reform legislation at Albany, so as to show our work still more perfectly in other departments, and if we can, even by the same means as last year, get a few more candidates of our way of thinking into office, we shall do very well, but, at all events, let us make no step backwards."

It would be difficult to describe our astonishment, however, when we found our old non-partisan idea, which we had been preaching for a quarter of a century, converted into a new "principle" of division, just like Democracy or Republicanism, which was once more to prevent good citizens from acting together against the common enemy; that non-partisans could not act with partisans even for the common good; that it was to be a crime in city affairs to confer with men of whose ideas of government or political morals you did not approve, and that nobody who had not the right ideas was to be allowed to vote our ticket; that we were once more to be called to fight Tammany through "ideal candidates," who in the existing situation are about as effective against Tammany as flint-locks against the Mauser rifle. But this has come to pass, and the city to-day presents about the same spectacle that it did in 1888—three or four sets of good people under different banners, and armed mainly with gongs, preparing to fight a large force of well-armed and disciplined pirates who have no moral ideas at all. Was there ever a more striking illustration of the difficulty of governing men through discussion and voting?

Non-partisanship, to our mind, is a means to an end, and that end is a business administration of municipal affairs. If partisanship gave us good government, we should advocate it just as readily. But we find ourselves surrounded by people who think it is an end in itself, and talk as if to be a good administrator a man only needed to be non-partisan. The truth is, that if we were all non-partisans to-morrow, we should have the old difficulty in electing "ideal candidates" every year. The business men of this city are all non-partisan in their own business, but 90 per cent. of them fail now and then. How far, too, non-partisans may be from the idea that municipal affairs are business, and not religion, or poetry, or art, has been curiously exemplified during the last few days by the determination of a body of them to run a dividing, paralyzing ticket, under the advice of an ethical philosopher, clothed in "beautiful language." Fancy the results of carrying on the business of a firm in this way. Fancy the junior partners, when a venture was proposed to them, taking time to study the ethical aspects of a new machine, and concluding that, as one of the manufacturers of it was an unfaithful husband, they could not use it. It would not be difficult to figure out the history of a business administration of any kind which steadily refused to use the bad motives of other people for good ends. Government and business both would be impossible on such a basis.

What we fear now is that the thousands who do not take an abiding interest in city affairs, but were roused into enthusiasm and activity by the union of last year, will be driven back into their old attitude of indifference and disgust by the spectacle of our divisions, and the unutterable silliness and childishness of some of our reformers, and will be found scattered on wheels through the adjacent country on election day. These we beg not to be discouraged, to remember that the folly we are witnessing has lasted so long that it could not possibly be extinguished in a single year; that if we win again now, we shall have made another step in advance and have added largely to the enlightened majority through which alone non-partisanship can be made an abiding instrument of reform.

DISCORDANT CHURCH UNITY.

THE action of the Episcopal General Convention on Thursday in voting down by a decided majority the report of the committee on church unity, doubtless marks the end, for the present, of the whole movement. It has enlisted the zeal or excited the alarm of many worthy men in different churches for many years. The religious world has been fully instructed about the "Lambeth quadrilateral" and the "historic episcopate," on the basis of which, it was said, a dissevered Christendom was somehow to be united. From the first, however, there was something unsubstantial and visionary in the entire affair, and for some time it has been evident that the thing would come to naught. The Presbyterians seemed for a while, of all the non-episcopal sects, to entertain the proposal most seriously, but it was only their politeness, after all; and in some of their later discussions the more plain-spoken brethren sniffed audibly at the "historic episcopate," which they called historic nonsense.

The total outcome, in fact, of all these years of discussions about Christian union and brotherly love and the need of making concessions and of coöperating peacefully in the work of saving the world, has been rather to stiffen and sharpen denominational peculiarities and prejudices. The popular cry in the Milwaukee General Convention—the cry that carried the day—was that "all who come into the Church must accept the prayer-book from cover to cover." Similarly the Presbyterians are ready to welcome the whole world on the basis of the Westminster Confession; the Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists, and the rest, to compromise, in a true spirit of mutual forbearance, upon the basis of their own

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creeds and politics. So, too, in England, Pope Leo points out to Anglicans astray from the true fold that all they have to do is to submit to his authority, and at once the seamless garment will be made whole again. Not to be outdone in courtesy and concessions, the Archbishop of Canterbury replies to his Holiness that he is as desirous as the next man for church unity, but that, of course, the English Church has the true *via media*, the eirenicons, and all the other remedies in her possession. To crown all, Frederic Harrison comes forward to say that the wretched jangling will never cease until the weary world finds rest and joy in accepting and uniting upon Comte's "Relative Synthesis." "Give us that," he affirms without the flicker of an eyelid, and we shall all lead "lives of usefulness, of self-control, of self-devotion to daily duty, in quietness, in confidence, in hopefulness." This, we are bound to say, exceeds the pretensions of Pope or Archbishop, historic episcopate or Westminster Confession, and seems to leave Relative Synthesis far in the lead.

The great obstacle to church unity has all along been the absence of any evidence that the masses of church people wanted it. They may have vaguely assented to it as a pious hope, or have agreed to it on the understanding that all the others would at last acknowledge the error of their ways and accept what *we* always knew to be the Scripture truth; but as a practical proposition, involving the abandonment or serious modification of their own religious beliefs and practices, they have never meant it. One of the speakers at Milwaukee uttered a solemn truth when he denied that there were "any large bodies of Christians knocking at the door of the Episcopal Church for admission." This was an alarmingly realistic view of the situation to take, and it seemed to come as a surprise to many. They were so bent on arranging nice terms of admission that they had omitted to inquire whether anybody wanted to be admitted on any terms. There has undoubtedly been a considerable accession to the Episcopal Church from other Protestant communions, but the reason for it in the vast majority of instances has been, we venture to submit, something quite other than the bishops and clergy suppose. Creeds and theories have played a small part in the going over of so many individual Congregationalists and Presbyterians to the Episcopal Church, and considerations of a social nature, the æsthetic sense, a desire to escape ecclesiastical nagging, and to be where you are never called upon to stand and deliver your belief, be it small or great, have had much more to do with it.

The arguments for church unity are many and weighty. Those who appreciate their force can be excused for vehemence in dwelling upon the waste, the unseemly competition and strife, the jealousies and scandals and absurdities which grow out of a divided and discordant Christendom. From the point of view of economical handling and outlay of charitable funds, of common supervision, above all of putting an end to the crying shame of rival denominations pulling and hauling, each in the name of the true church, for the conversion of the heathen world, the arguments for church union are truly unanswerable. But religious preference does not live by argument alone. The arguments are not answered; they are simply ignored—or rather they are met, as Bagehot said the English farmer would meet political arguments which he could not refute, by affirming, "What I say is this here which is the same thing I was a-saying yesterday." The true place to test the sentiment for church union is, not in mission boards and charity commissions, not in the great cities where daily friction rubs off so many of the religious as well as other prejudices of men, but in the towns and villages all over the land. Any one who has carefully marked in them the power and persistence of religious prejudices, which are as strong in their influence as if they were religious convictions, will not be surprised that the prolonged exchange of courtesies and good wishes between the denominations has come to nothing practical. In such a world as this, with human nature what it is, as Bishop Butler was fond of saying, the movement for church unity was doomed to failure from the start.

A CENTURY OF LITHOGRAPHY.

PARIS, October, 1895.

THERE has just been opened in the Champ de Mars one of the most interesting exhibitions held in Paris for some time past: *le Centenaire de la Lithographie*, it is called. Nothing could be more appropriate than the place and time chosen for the show. Lithography reached the very height of its popularity and artistic development in France, which, in this case, certainly means Paris; and it is now one hundred years exactly since accident led Senefelder to a discovery destined to prove so important in its results. Some art historians have urged the year 1898 as the proper centennial, since it was in 1798 that Senefelder perfected his experiments, and from his first crude efforts evolved the lithographic process, which is virtually the same as that used to-day. And now that the "new criticism" bases appreciation of any art, or art work, upon the wholesale destruction of its hitherto accepted history and traditions, other authorities would wrest all credit from Senefelder to present it to his friend Gleissner, the Munich Capellmeister who shared his expenses and studies. But, save for the purposes of critical gymnastics, the old version answers well enough, and it seems satisfactorily established as fact. You may read it not only in the technical handbooks: it has long been public property, and probably has been most widely spread by Thackeray, who was in Paris in 1840 when lithography was still greatly in vogue, thanks to Daumier and "Robert Macaire," and who gives a sketch of Senefelder in his paper on "Lithography in Paris."

The story, which is amusing enough, is chiefly this: Aloys Senefelder, a poor hard-worked actor, musician, and composer, with a mother and eight brothers and sisters to support somehow, was seeking to discover a cheap way to reproduce his music, which no one would publish for him. One day he had to make out a list for his washerwoman—as Thackeray says, "rather a humble composition for an author and artist." There was no paper on hand, but, close by, one of the smooth Solenhofer stones, now well known to lithographers, but then familiar chiefly to Bavarian street-pavers and Turkish builders. On this he wrote his list with the sticky, soapy ink with which he had been experimenting, hopelessly, on wood and iron, steel and copper. When the ink dried, he submitted the stone to the action of nitric acid, then inked it again, and, putting the stone in a press, was able to get an impression from it. From this moment lithography was practically invented, though it was not until three years later that he had brought it to a stage of development when he could offer it to the public. Such is the very insignificant and prosaic origin of an art which has made the fame of more than one artist, an industry which has made the fortune of more than one printer during the last hundred years. It is only right, when a retrospective view is being taken of the growth of lithography, that the slight tribute of retelling his story should be paid to its inventor.

Senefelder, shiftless as he seems to have been, always in pursuit of a new fad, always hankering after a still newer invention, at least had the sense to patent his lithographic process. If he had had no thought of inventing a new graphic art, if his sole object had been the autographic reproduction of his own work, he could still value the importance of a discovery which surprised, probably, no one more than himself. With the help of Gleissner and various publishers who scented a good thing in it, he carried his invention to London, as early as 1801, where it had no great success, stifled possibly by the fine name "Polyautography" bestowed upon it; then to Paris, where also it languished; and then to Vienna. It was really, strange to say, not until the fashionable world took it up that lithography began to flourish as it deserved. But when M. le Baron Lejeune, some years afterwards, arrived in Paris with one hundred proofs, printed in Munich, from his own actual drawing on the stone, there was no denying the truth that lithography was something so simple that any one could practise it. Society went quite mad over its new plaything. Everybody who was anybody played at lithography, and the stone was to the man or woman of fashion much what skates and racquets became to succeeding generations, much what the bicycle is to our own. The impetus thus given, together with the reports of the genuinely artistic work being done in Munich, led to the establishment of the first great firms of lithographers in Paris. The houses of Lasteyrie, Engelmann, and Delpech were all three opened in 1815—altogether a memorable year. The art no longer needed the support of fashion. Artists recognized in it a new autographic method of multiplying their designs, the technical details to be mastered being absurdly few and easy; while its commercial aspect was not lost upon the layman, who could realize the advantage of speedy and cheap reproduction. Two things which the exhibition makes clear are, first, that technical perfection was reached almost at once; and, second, that, after the first hesitation, lithography was quickly popularized throughout all parts of Europe. Senefelder seems to have experi-

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mented even in color and wash; there is shown a lithograph by him in nine colors, printed from nine different stones. Del'Armi, his pupil, carried the art to Italy. A very characteristic bull-fight by Goya bears witness to the prompt attention drawn to it in Spain. And the excellent color-work by Landzevelly in Austria dates as far back as 1819. One of his prints, with Hungarian lettering, was published in as remote a corner as Segesvar, that little hilly Nuremberg in Transylvania, almost on the Russian frontier.

The occasion being what it is, it follows that the larger part of the show is reserved for a retrospective collection. In this the progress of the art is readily traced from 1815 onward to about 1848, when it sank into temporary insignificance. Naturally, the most important section is the French, since, as I have said, it was in France that the art was most popular, and since, too, it was in France that artist-lithographers had such a large and powerful influence, during some thirty years, upon all public affairs, political, social, and artistic. To make the round of the galleries is to pass in review the chief tendencies and interests of the French people from the fall of the first Napoleon to the rise of the third. The series begins with the first achievements of fashion. There is the very "Cosaque," by the General Baron Lejeune, which made such a thrilling sensation in the great world of Paris. There, too, are the amiable efforts of the Duc de Montpensier and of Colonel Lomet, while in a print of Engelmann's one may see that prosperous lithographer receiving, in great style and elegance, no less a person than his Majesty Charles X. It must be added, however, that, but for its historic merit, this aristocratic work might be dismissed with a glance. For artistic qualities, one turns willingly to the designs of the first group of artists who figured as lithographers; of Carl and Horace Vernet, Isabey, Engelmann, who was no mere amateur, Vivant-Denon. It is curious to note how, from the beginning, these men directed lithography into the two great channels in which it was to prove such a power. It was Horace Vernet who first celebrated on stone the soldiers and wars of the Empire; a subject treated with still greater technical skill and artistic beauty by Charlet, Charles Lami, Raffet, the greatest of all, until among them they created that *Légende du Grand Empereur* which has brought the Bonapartes back to France once already, and which now and then threatens a new restoration. There are few prints in the collection more impressive than Raffet's lithograph of the retreat from Moscow—"Ils grognaient et le suivaient toujours." It alone would go far to explain the effect of this work upon a people as excitable and responsive as the French. While Horace Vernet was busying himself with military heroism, Isabey was creating his "Mayeux," that popular type by which he, and Traviès after him, scourged the *bourgeoisie*; to be followed by Vigneron's "Calicot," Henri Monnier's "Prudhomme," who, Daudet says, was no other than Monnier himself, and, gayer and more irrepressible still, Daumier's "Macaire." There is no exaggerating the social and political force wielded by this group of satirists and caricaturists, which included also Gavarni, with his 'Fourberies des Femmes,' Granville, with his scathing and deliciously funny caricatures of prominent politicians, his 'Scènes de la Vie Privée et Publique des Animaux,' Philippon, with his famous *poire*—in a word, all the men associated with *La Caricature* and *Charivari*.

There was also a third way in which lithography made itself felt. In 1820 Didot published his 'Voyages Pittoresques et Romantique dans l'Ancienne France,' with lithographs by Ingres and Horace Vernet and Fragonard and Bonington; and in their work, in their return to mediæval models and architecture and motives, some writers have found the very germ of Romanticism. However that may be where the poets and novelists were concerned, there can be no doubt that the painters of the Romantic movement were eager to give expression to artistic fancy and fact upon the stone. Paul Huet, Delacroix, Ingres, Géricault, Isabey, Rousseau, and Jacques are represented in the collection; and also the men who were the chief illustrators of Victor Hugo, and Gautier, and all the *Cénacle*—the two Johannots, Jean Gigoux, the two Devérias, Achille and Eugène Boulanger (who are better known, however, by their work on the wood-block).

Where there is so much that is of enormous and genuine interest, it is almost impossible to mention special examples, but here and there is a masterpiece more conspicuous than the others: Delacroix's wonderful "Tigre Royal," a unique impression, I believe, from the collection of Mr. Curtis; the portrait of Tony and Alfred Johannot, by Jean Gigoux, who, it will be remembered, in his 'Causeries sur les Artistes de mon Temps,' tells the story of its wild success, proof before letters being eagerly disputed for; the portrait of Madame Hoffman, by Devéria—not Eugène Devéria, whom, with Boulanger, Gautier immortalizes in his 'Château du Souvenir,' but Achille, whose portraits on the stone are of amazing delicacy and strength, and who, he himself confesses, could with ease make by them his two or three hundred francs a day—a practical form of recognition which genius does not always receive. Lemercier printed much of this work, as he continues to print a large proportion of the best done to-day; and in *L'Artiste*, the organ of Romanticism, many of the most notable lithographs appeared, among them the portrait of the Johannots, for instance.

There are examples given of Doré, but these are not remarkable. The man who bridges over the gulf between the earlier schools, before 1848, and the modern may be said to be Manet, who here makes a delightful showing; above all, in a big color-print of a species of Pulcinello, or Stenterello, apparently a legitimate descendant of Isabey's Mayeux. But there is nothing else that calls for attention until one comes to that work which is the outcome of the recent revival: work contained chiefly in three well-known publications, 'L'Estampe Originale,' 'L'Épreuve,' and 'Les Peintres Lithographiques.' I have said so much about it already in my notices of the Salons during the last three or four years, that to attempt to criticise it again would be useless repetition. All the men who have distinguished themselves in the yearly exhibitions, with the exception of M. Lunois, are here. Two reproductive-lithographers, M. Laugée and M. Mariou, appear to greater advantage, perhaps, than ever before. And it is amusing to contrast the posters of M. Chéret, M. Lautrec, and M. Anquetin with those done, by the same process, some fifty years ago to advertise the portfolios of lithographs and the illustrated books of the day. It must be admitted that, if technically little has been learned in the meantime, the designers of posters have improved tremendously in breadth and simplicity, and hence in effectiveness.

The other sections (for the show professes to be international) are much less complete, and this is to be regretted. America is quite unrepresented. The most accomplished of the modern Germans, the Munich Secessionists—Steinhausen, Thoma, Greiner—have unfortunately absented themselves altogether. Belgian and Dutch mystics, evidently accepting Toroop for master, have joined forces, with no very marked results. Otherwise, Holland contributes only the work of Storm, Van Gravesande, and Ten Cate. England has made the most serious and consistent effort, so that it seems the greater pity that just a trifle more energy could not have been exerted to make the English collection truly representative. As it is, but scant justice has been done to the earlier and often very fine lithographs produced by Englishmen. Bonington has been allowed to figure with the French lithographers with whom he worked, and thus the English section, in its retrospective series, loses what should be its chief attraction. While space has been found for portraits by Lane and Vinter, lithographers to the royal family, such men as David Roberts, J. D. Lewis, and Owen Jones have been omitted; and, on the other hand, unimportant examples of Prout, who did so much architectural work in lithography, Harding, Nash, and Cattermole, have been chosen. It is amusing to discover several of the Academicians, Sir Frederick Leighton and Mr. Alma-Tadema among them, endeavoring to prove themselves "in the movement" by now appearing for the first time as lithographers, but their designs, which are commonplace enough as drawings, are absolutely wanting in all appreciation of the qualities which go to make a good lithograph. Better are the prints of Mr. Chas. Shannon and Mr. Rothenstein, two of the younger Englishmen who understand the medium, and the workmanlike experiments of Mr. Alfred Parsons, Mr. Hague, and Mr. Hartley. But, when all is said, England, in the Champ de Mars, now owes its great distinction to America. It is not merely that Mr. Sargent and Mr. Abbey exhibit—Mr. Sargent, vigorous and intelligent as he is, in his study of a model, is not yet at home in working on the stone; nor, indeed, is Mr. Abbey. But Mr. Whistler here, as in any and every show to which he contributes, towers above most of his contemporaries. The public that cares is familiar with the greater number of the prints he has sent, since they have already been published. He seems to work with equal facility in line and in wash, directly on the stone and on the prepared lithographic paper. (This lithographic paper, by the way, and photo-lithography are the two most important improvements made in this century.) Whatever his method, he is ever the master, knowing just exactly what effects and qualities may be obtained from the stone. He forgets the painter and the etcher to become the perfect lithographer. There is but one drawback to his exhibit: it does not include one of his delicate color prints.

I have dwelt entirely upon the artistic side of the exhibition, because, necessarily, it is the more interesting. But the mechanical side has not been neglected. There are machines and papers and inks for the benefit of the commercial lithographer. Indeed, commercially as well as artistically, the show must, one would think, give a new lease of life to the hundred-year-old invention of Senefelder.

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

AMERICAN COLONIAL MANUSCRIPTS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—II.

LONDON, September, 1895.

THAT the short descriptions of the items, as

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catalogued, give but the faintest idea of the abundant contents of some of these collections of manuscripts, will be the better understood by some account of one of them, namely, Egerton 2,395. No less than 128 distinct documents, ranging in date from 1627 to 1699, are bound up in this volume, which was purchased at Sotheby's, on the 16th of February, 1875, for £25, by Mr. Bernard Quaritch, on account of the Museum authorities. It was observed by Mr. Quaritch at the time that "only a very young man" had bid against him for the prize. Besides numerous papers relating to Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and the West Indies, the volume contains papers relating to New England and Virginia, of which a list is subjoined hereunto. The student wishing to examine the papers should have at hand the printed catalogue of 'Additions to the Manuscripts in the British Museum, 1854-1875' (vol. ii.), published in 1877. Therein he will find noted (pp. 1034 to 1042) the contents of the volume of 678 folios, with the reference to the folio of the particular document sought for. When this collection was bought, its contents were arranged according to the colonies of which they treated, but the documents have since been rearranged and bound up in order of date. This accounts for the rather confusing double-numbering that exists on the folios. The following list comprises the papers relating to New England and Virginia:

NEW ENGLAND MSS. IN EGERTON 2,395.

List of Printed Books (in ye Plantaçon Office) treating of New England.

An Acco^{t} of all ye Trading Towns and Ports in New England.

A Brief Description of New England together with ye present Goverm^{t} thereof.

Names of ye Rivuers & chief Sagamores that inhabit upon them.

Certain Notes and Informations concerning New England.

Important points for ye Settlement of New England.

Proposals for New England.

30 May, 1665.—Letter concerning ye Northern Boundaries of the Massachusetts Colony.

1635.—Two Warrants against the Massachusetts.

1635.—Judgment on the two Warrants against the Massachusetts.

23 April, 1664.—Instructions to the King's Commissioners for New England.

1665.—State of ye Colony of Kenebeck from ye Commsrs. of New England.

1665.—State of the Province of New Hampshire from ye Commsrs. of New England.

1665.—State of ye Province of New Plimouth from ye Commsrs. for New England.

1665.—State of ye Colony of Rhode Island from the Commsrs. of New England.

1665.—State of the Colonie of Conecticut from the Commsrs. of New England.

1665.—State of ye Colonie of ye Massachusetts from the Commsrs. for New England.

1665.—Certificats concerning the Northern limits of the Massachusets Colonie.

1665.—Order concern ye Northerly bounds of the Massachusets.

1665.—Reports of Peter Weare concern ye North Limits of ye Massachusets Colony.

17 May, 1665.—Deposition of Richard Waldern concerning Merimack River.

10 April, 1666.—Letter from His Majesty to the Commiss^{rs} at New Engl^{d}.

1675.—Sir W^{m} Petty's Account of New England.

2 Oct., 1667.—Order for ye Committee to meet about New England.

18 Decr., 1674.—Draft of a letter for His Ma^{ty} to ye corporation of Boston concerning New Hampshire.

8 April, 1661.—Report from ye Council of Plantations concerning the encroachments of the Massachusets.

Petition of Merchants against the Bostoners.

Queries and objections agst the Massachusets encroachments.

1675.—Extract of a letter from New England concerning the Indian War.

Printed paper concerning Levies in New England & the war there.

30 April, 1681.—Paper of M^{r} Randolph for regulating the Trade of the Massachusetts.

The List of Books in the Plantation Office is supposed by the Museum authorities to have been made about 1677. It is as follows:—

Printed in ye yeare

1671.—Ogilby in his America.

1625.—Purchas his Pilgrims ye 4th part.

1659.—Ferdinando Gorges, Esqe.

1641.—Abstracts of Laws of New England.

1643.—New England's first Fruits.

1622.—Relation of Plimouth in New Engl^{d}.

1622.—New England's Trials by Capt. Jn^{o} Smith.

1646.—A Short Discovery of America, by W^{m} Castel.

1676.—The Warrs of New Engl^{d}, by Increase Mather.

1616.—Description of New Engl^{d}, by Capt. Jn^{o} Smith.

1674.—Dutch Patent to a West India Comp^{a}.

1624.—General History of New England, by Capt. Jn^{o} Smith.

1676.—New England's Crisis.

1634.—New Engl^{ds} Prospect, by Wm. Wood.

1637.—New England's Canaan, by Thomas Morton.

1672.—Description of New Engl^{d}, by S^{r} Tho: Lynch.

1675.—Two Voyages to New Engl^{d}, by John Josselyn.

1672.—New England's rarities, by John Josselyn.

1672.—Laws of New England.

1638.—Capt. John Underhill's News from America.

1642.—Tho: Lechford's News from N. England.

1628.—Voyage into N. Engl^{d}, by Ch^{r} Levet.

1652.—Ill News from N. Engl^{d}, by John Clark.

1630.—New England Plantacon, by A. Divine.

1643.—Simplicity's Vindication against the seavenheaded Church-Government.

A Discourse and view of Virginia.

Computation of an Iron Work in Virg^{a}.

Enquiries concerning several things reported to be in Virginia and Bermudas, but not in England.

4 March, 1660.—Letter from the Council of Plantations to Virginia.

30 March, 1663.—Letter from S^{r} W^{m} Berkeley Gov^{r} of Virg^{a}

18 April, 1663.—Lre from S^{r} W^{m} Berkeley touching potashes, fflax @ Hemp &c.

28 March, 1663.—Letter from S^{r} W^{m} Berkeley and the Council at Virginia.

Letter from Anthony Langston of Virg^{a}.

Proposals concern building of Towns in Virg^{a}

Proposals concern ye Custom of Tobacco.

M^{r} Bland's case as Collect^{r} of ye Customs in Virg^{a}.

28 Aug., 1676.—Letter from M^{r} Bland to M^{r} Powey.

16 Sept., 1675.—Letter from M^{r} Bland to ye Gov^{r} of Virg^{a} concern ye execution of his office.

Lre from M^{r} Bland concern ye suspension of his office.

29 June, 1676.—Letter from Mris Bacon concern her husband.

M^{r} Bacon's acco^{t} of their troubles in Virginia.

1676.—Order of ye Gov^{r} concern the Assembly.

10 May, 1676.—Declaration of Sir W^{m} Berkeley.

Declaration of the People agst S^{r} W^{m} Berkeley.

The humble Appeal of ye Volunteers to all well minded men.

25 May, 1676.—Copie of M^{r} Nathaniel Bacon's letter to a Sec^{ry} of State.

Declaration of the people of Virginia concern their adherence to N. Bacon.

21 Nov., 1674.—Order of ye Gov^{r} @ Council concern M^{r} Bland.

The Virginians plea for opposing the Indians.

Peticon of Martin Noel, &c., about ye West Indies.

Proposicon of Martin Noel, &c., for improving the English Interest in ye West Indies.

Proposals for improm^{t} of part of Carolina.

13 March, 1670.—An Acco^{t} of the Bahama Islands by Solomon Robinson.

13 July, 1676.—Instructions to M^{r} Charles Chillingworth to the Gov^{r} of New Providence @ ye rest of ye Bahama Islands.

D. D.

Correspondence.

SCHOOL ENGLISH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Committee of the Overseers of Harvard College on Composition and Rhetoric have issued a second report on the lamentable ignorance of English which they still find in the compositions of those who are entering college. They have certainly justified their criticisms by the examples which they give, and any defence of the state of affairs would be useless. Two things are perfectly plain: first, the ignorance of English which is found in boys of eighteen or nineteen, who are supposed to have had the best schooling which the country affords, is simply disgraceful; secondly, it is a pitiful waste of the resources of a great university to spend them in a vain attempt to teach English in college to persons who are so helplessly ignorant, for no teaching which a college has a right to give can be of the slightest use to them. It is further admitted on all hands that the colleges are not directly responsible for this deplorable condition of things. The youths in question are fresh from school, and have never been under college influences. Are, then, the high schools and academies which send them to college responsible? There is as yet no evidence which implicates them directly. These schools are in the same anomalous position as the colleges. They are compelled to receive many pupils whose previous education has been wofully defective, and they must either abandon their own proper work while they lay the neglected underpinnings, or they must proceed to build their own houses on a foundation of sand.

We come back to the oft-repeated truth—which is as stubborn as ever, though few comprehend its deep significance—that our students come to college at an average age of nineteen, in most cases poorly prepared to pass an examination which schoolboys of sixteen or seventeen would easily pass in England, France, or Germany. These youths have generally spent the previous three or four years doing boys' work, which they should have finished before they were fifteen or sixteen. The teachers see that time is precious to these belated wayfarers, and they do their best to hurry them through what is absolutely required for admission to college in the easiest manner. And this is probably the best that can be done for them under the circumstances. It is too late to lay the foundations of accurate scholarship after they come to the high school, but they can be pushed into college by skilful management. They are too old to be taught English like boys, and they have generally fallen into careless habits of writing, which only severe and regular discipline can eradicate; but for this they have neither time nor patience. If the teachers were to insist on every translation from Latin, Greek, or French being presented in correct, idiomatic English, the requisite amount of these languages could never be crammed into such pupils' heads. The result is what might be expected. In a large class of schools, English is taught as a thing by itself, in the hours assigned to it, and the other languages are taught as if English did not exist; and large numbers of their pupils come to college every year badly pre-

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pared in most of the elementary learning which is required of them, and with no solid foundations of scholarship in any branch.

Perhaps none of our schools are entirely free from this class of pupils, and only a few of the most favored can escape the necessity of providing inferior instruction to suit their needs. A pupil who has time to prepare himself for even the moderate entrance requirements of our colleges without undue haste, and who can cultivate literary taste besides getting his lessons, is, I fear, a rare exception in most of our schools. A bright boy of fifteen who should come from one of the better schools in Germany, France, or England, would find his level here with boys of seventeen or eighteen, who had lost the precious time which he had saved. Besides the large class of belated and hurrying pupils, who suffer from want of early training through no fault of their own, every school has its share of the stupid and the lazy, who cannot or will not use even the advantages which are offered them. These would, of course, be a drag on scholarship under any system.

The original compositions published by the committee seem to come from both of these classes of students. The worst translations must come from the class of idlers and dunces, as they generally show no better knowledge of the classics than of English. I will repeat an illustration of the "dead level" of ignorance in both Greek and English, which I gave in discussing the previous report of the Committee in 1893. (See the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, No. 2, p. 192.) At one of the admission examinations of Harvard College, the two following attempts were made to translate the *same passage* of the 'Iliad' (ix. 247–251):

No. 6. "But up, if you are courageous and help the sons of the Greeks cooped up from being destroyed by the din of the Trojeans. You will be grieved afterwards, nor to any extent does the priest find evil in the sacrifice. But much before do you consider how you shall ward off an evil day from the Greeks."

No. 8. "But rise, if you have been here and heard the tired sons of the Greeks speak, under the din made by the Trojans. Anger against yourself will be put aside, nor is it possible to find and remembrance (knowledge) of the evil performed, or anger; but consider much first in order that you may not ward off the evil day from the Trojans."

It is hardly necessary to add that these wonderful productions have little resemblance to the real verses of Homer, which may thus be literally translated:

"Up then, if thou art minded, late though it be, to save the wearied sons of the Achæans from the battle-din of the Trojans. Else wilt thou have grief hereafter; and for harm once done there is no way to find a cure. But while there is yet time, do thou take thought how thou mayest ward off the evil day from the Danaans."

There is one charge which cannot be brought against these writers. They have surely not neglected their English for Greek. They are simply trying to translate from one unknown tongue into another. It is hopeless to attempt to improve these by any change in system or by any better instruction. Other translations, which show a better knowledge of Latin or Greek, but the same slovenly and ungrammatical English, must come from the other class, whose want of elementary training in youth obliged them to omit the "humanities" in their preparation for college. These victims of a bad system can be helped, and it is our duty to help them, or at least their successors.

What, now, were these boys doing before they were fifteen, when they ought to have mastered their elementary studies, including English? This question has been completely and satisfactorily answered by President Eliot in his Washington address and in many other papers and addresees. They were wasting time at school, spending seven or eight years in doing work which should have been done in five or six years, and which is much better done in that time in other countries. Whatever study is to be pursued with effect must have its foundations laid before the age of fifteen. Many of the English public schools offer scholarships which are restricted to boys under fifteen, sometimes to boys under fourteen. In the examinations for these, papers are set in algebra (by no means elementary), geometry, and trigonometry; and classical papers which include simple passages from the Greek tragedians and Livy (to be translated by the help of a dictionary), with Greek and Latin composition. Questions in history, French, German, and English, show that these studies are not neglected, and we can assume that in an English school English in all the translations is carefully watched. What interests us chiefly here is the universal assumption that boys of thirteen or fourteen can translate Æschylus, Sophocles, and Livy, even with a dictionary, and can use geometry and algebra freely. What would a scholarship examination for boys of thirteen or fourteen be in this country? All this belongs to a school system entirely different from ours—one which we sometimes laugh at as old-fashioned and aristocratic.

From what has been said it is obvious that English boys from fifteen to eighteen in good schools are not working on the elements of Latin, Greek, and mathematics. At Westminster School in London, in which no boy is allowed after he is nineteen, we find boys from fifteen to eighteen studying Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Plato, Lysias, Lucretius, Terence, Horace, Cicero, St. Augustine, and St. Cyril, with algebra, trigonometry, conic sections, statics, and dynamics. The study of English is stimulated by lessons in the English Bible and by "repetitions" from standard authors. There is an air of elegant leisure about all this, which often astonishes both teachers and pupils in American schools. It is sometimes said that these are "picked boys." But why cannot our "picked boys" do something like this? Those who take these higher studies propose to study for honors at the University; but they will enter colleges at Oxford or Cambridge most of which have no higher requisites for admission than Harvard or Yale. They know, however, that no teacher of distinction at either university will give his time to "pass men," who bring to college merely what is absolutely required for admission; and they therefore carry their studies in some branches at least two years beyond these requirements. A few of the better Oxford colleges, as Balliol, refuse to take pass-men on any terms, and protect themselves by special examinations; but these are exceptional cases. If these pupils had chosen to enter college by simply passing the ordinary examinations, they could have gone to the university when they were fifteen or sixteen. Under these circumstances they naturally pursue their studies in a very different spirit from those who are goaded on to a dreaded examination. We can easily see how the English schools can secure due attention to writing English, which they all demand from such pupils as these, *i. e.*, from more than half of the school.

What Dr. Everett tells us of the University of Cambridge, "Bad English will condemn a translation quite as much as incorrect rendering" ('On the Cam,' p. 84) is equally true of the English schools. In the *Spectator* of September 21 there is a letter from an English scholar praising his old master in the Oakham Grammar School. He says: "That which most stimulated us in our appreciation of our own tongue was, I think, the constant demand which our old master made upon us for idiomatic and vigorous English in our rendering of classical authors, and his constant citations of English classics in illustration of what we read." Such translations as are published by the committee do nothing to discredit the value of translations from the classics as exercises in English composition. We must only remember that, to make this process effective, a pupil needs not merely some knowledge of English, but also some knowledge of Latin and Greek.

I repeat that it is not the fault of the teachers who send students to our colleges that all this is impossible here. They cannot take boys of fourteen or fifteen, or even sixteen, who have not yet begun the studies which are to prepare them for college, and who have learned no systematic habits of study, and make scholars of them before they are eighteen or nineteen. Can we further demand of these teachers that they shall at the same time eradicate the habit of writing slovenly English, which in many of these boys is a second nature, and teach them a pure and simple style? Everything here must be taught under pressure, and the English generally comes off no worse than the Latin, Greek, or mathematics; only the bad English is more obvious, even to a casual observer. No real reform can be expected here until a radical change is made in our lower education, by which pupils shall enter the high schools at least two years earlier than they now do. The elementary studies, which now occupy the years from fifteen to nineteen, can then be put back where they belong, and pupils can use these important years for studies which belong to their age. It is beyond dispute that this can be done, with benefit both to the pupil and to his studies, unless we admit that English, French, and German boys are brighter than our own. Indeed, the reform is already begun and is in successful progress. The city of Cambridge has a grammar-school course of four years (an alternative to the old established course of six years), now in its third year of operation, by which the brighter and more willing pupils —all in whom there is any hope of future scholarship—will regularly be ready for the high school at the age of twelve, thus saving two years and establishing better habits of study. The same good work is going on elsewhere, and the outlook is more hopeful every year. On the success of this reform depends greatly, in my opinion, the future of the higher education in this country. Until it is effected, our higher schools must go on teaching full-grown young men what they should have learned as boys, and our colleges must go on teaching their students what they should have learned at school; while studies like English, which cannot be taught without constant personal influence and supervision, will remain as they now are. The committee of the Harvard Overseers may congratulate themselves on the progress of this movement, although no tangible results can be expected

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from it until it has had at least four years to work in.

In the meantime the colleges can do something to help on the reform, and to palliate the evil which they cannot cure by themselves. They can apply a powerful pressure from above upon the schools below them, which will be in turn eagerly transmitted to the lower level where the real work must be done. The colleges have no engine so powerful as their bachelor's degree, which never fails when it is judiciously applied. They should declare that slovenly and ungrammatical English will no longer be accepted at the entrance examinations, even if it is necessary to condition three-quarters of the candidates; and they must further make it known that the degree will not be conferred on any who do not show that they can write correct English either before admission or afterwards. This would mean simply that English is to be a real requisite for the degree, on an equal footing with the languages and the mathematics. And college teachers must no longer waste their time and strength and the college revenues in attempting to teach these delinquents. No colleges now pretend to teach the elements of Latin, Greek, or mathematics to those who fail in these at their admission. Why should they teach the elements of English? In this way the colleges can make it plain in the right quarters that time must be saved in the lower schools for the development of the higher studies, and that a fair portion of this time must be devoted to our native language. W. W. Goodwin.

Cambridge, Mass., October 14, 1895.

"COLLEGES" AT HARVARD.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The increase in the number of students at Harvard again draws attention to the administrative problem, and may perhaps bring on further discussion of the late Secretary Bolles's suggestion that there might be an administrative division of the college. It will be remembered that the chief opposition to his suggestion—it was hardly specific enough to be called a plan—sprang from the fear that the name Harvard College might be lost, or might come to be applied to only one of several groups of buildings, officers, and students.

Possibly this objection would lose some of its force if it were known that, in the early history of the institution, there was, at least so far as names went, a certain adherence to the English usage in the matter of separate colleges. I find in the archives in Gore Hall a vote of the Overseers, of date July 9, 1712, naming a committee "to survey the Roof of *Harvard College*, to Report the State of it, & their Judgm^t for the best Methods for its Reparation." In their report, rendered a few weeks later, the committee recommend as follows: "Wee are of Opinion w^th respect to the *Old College* [the second Harvard Hall, which was burnt in 1764]. That the best way is to take off the Roof. . . . As for *Stoughton's College* [the first Stoughton Hall], Wee gave in o^r Opinion this time two year of what we thought proper to be don . . ." The italics are mine.

Numerous other extracts from the records might be given to show that the term College was commonly applied to each building after more than one had been built. Moreover, there is evidence that each of the seventeenth-century buildings contained the chambers necessary for such physical wants of the students as they were allowed to gratify in those days—chambers, studies, a dining hall, etc. There is, however, no evidence, to my knowledge, of any division of the teaching force at any time previous to the establishment of professional schools.—Very respectfully,

Wm. G. Brown.

Library of Harvard University,
Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 18, 1895.

THE LITERARY AND THE MEDICAL DEGREES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The proposition of your correspondent W. H. Johnson, that the difficulty and expense of obtaining a medical education should be increased in order to discourage those who might be led to undertake it from motives of prurient curiosity, is one the injustice of which is equalled only by its absurdity under present conditions. It is no more true that, in any considerable proportion of cases, the choice of the medical profession is determined by such motives than that the degree of A.B. is a guarantee of the purity of its possessor's mind; but even if such were the case, a college course is the last thing about which a man, if such there be, who wishes to study medicine for such purposes need trouble himself. It will be a long step in advance when no medical school in the country will admit a man without a decent English education, and there are but few States in which either a literary or a medical degree is practically necessary to enable any one who is so disposed to set up as a doctor. The remedy for the evils which Mr. Johnson deprecates is in the hands of the patients. No system can be devised which will mechanically exclude from the profession men of good abilities and bad character.

The thing to be desired under all circumstances, but especially when, as at present, it is easy to get a degree with a very inadequate amount of both general and professional education, is to make it as easy as possible to get a first-class medical training. Believing, as I do, that it is desirable that every physician should be a liberally educated man, it has long been a matter of concern to me to see that the proportion of college graduates in the medical schools of this country is diminishing. With the increased entrance requirements of the colleges and the lengthening of the medical course, it is a very formidable undertaking to obtain both degrees, and the ambitious student in this country is, in this respect, handicapped as compared with those who aspire to the most thorough training in foreign countries. The German student finishes his course in the gymnasium at eighteen or nineteen, about the time the American is ready to enter college, takes his five years' course in the medical department of the university, and may graduate with the highest honors by the time the American has completed his first year of professional study. Substantially the same is true, I believe, everywhere on the Continent, and in England the proportion of graduates of Oxford or Cambridge among students of medicine is very small. That the finished product of the schools of this country shows any such superiority over that of the Continental schools as to compensate for the increased outlay of time and money, I do not believe that any one who is acquainted with the facts will claim.

Whether or not it is desirable that the entrance requirements of the colleges should be so modified as to reduce the average age of the students, I will not undertake to decide; but it is my firm belief that it is practicable to incorporate the scientific studies which lie at the foundation of the medical art with the college curriculum so that the graduate may have the equivalent, at least, of the first year of the medical school, without at all detracting from the value of the college course as a means of mental discipline or liberal culture. Every college requires some study of natural science, and most allow a considerable amount to count towards fulfilling the requirements for the literary degree. There is no reason why the study of the structure and functions of the human body may not be made as valuable for all the purposes of a liberal education as that of the formation of the earth's crust and the movements of the planets. Bacteriology has as much disciplinary value as any other branch of botany, and neither the interest nor the benefits of chemistry and modern languages would be diminished by the knowledge that they were to be available for practical purposes. In my opinion, not a few students who perfunctorily cram studies in which they have no interest, to be forgotten as soon as the examinations are passed, would pursue with enthusiasm a line of work which fell in with their tastes and directly furthered their plans for the serious business of life.

Whatever may be thought of the practicability of such a plan, which is, I believe, in operation at the University of Michigan, and perhaps elsewhere, I am satisfied that until the aggregate of time and expense required for the literary and medical degrees can be diminished, the great body of aspirants for the latter will continue to dispense with the former, to their own regret in many cases, and to the detriment of both the profession and the public. W. L. Worcester, A.M., M.D.

Danvers Lunatic Hospital, Mass., Oct. 15, 1895.

ART DECORATIONS IN PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The daily papers announce that the Chicago Public Library is to be magnificently decorated with mosaics; that the "reading-room is to be an exact transcription of the ducal palace of the 400 in Venice," and elsewhere in the building will be seen "pilasters in Austrian gold and green, shading into iridescent blues finished in bronze," as well as "a wainscoting thirty or forty feet high of statuary vein marble, each section of which is ornamented by a band of mosaics composed of Tiffany-Favril glass, semi-precious stones, mother-of-pearl, and pure gold."

These extravagant plans for embellishing the interior of a building designed for the storing of books and the accommodation of readers lead me to raise the question as to the propriety of making a library so attractive to the general public that it becomes a show-place instead of a quiet and comfortable resort for students; in short, to what extent should the fine arts find place in our public libraries? From several weeks' experience as a reader in the splendidly appointed Boston Public Library, I have found that the introduction of the much-lauded decorations by eminent artists is a great drawback to the undisturbed enjoyment of the privileges for which the building is primarily erected. The throngs of people who crowd the grand staircase to visit the splendid building are not content with gazing at the wall decorations by Abbey, Sargent, and others, but must needs tramp through Bates Hall as well, clicking their heels on the stone floor throughout its entire length.

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One morning, as I sat at a table in the reading-room, I noted, within the space of one hour, a troop of eleven women tourists, two bands of school-girls personally conducted by their mistresses, besides scores of individual sightseers of all ages, alone or in groups of varying numbers. The authorities realize that readers are disturbed by these visitors to the art-treasures, and express a belief that, as soon as the novelty has passed, the disturbance will cease. They plan also to open special rooms for the use of scholars on the upper floor; but these rooms are not convenient to the books of reference so liberally placed in Bates Hall, nor to the card catalogue, without which shelf-numbers cannot be had.

Should the reading-room be closed to casual visitors and open only to bona-fide readers, the tax-paying public would feel defrauded of the right to view that which has cost so great a sum. On the other hand, we hear of no complaints because the stack-rooms are not thrown open. Should the original plan be carried out, of placing Whistler's canvas on the east wall of Bates Hall, and other works of art in the panels which are as yet bare, readers might as well abandon attempts at serious study.

The splendid stonework, the noble provisions for making the building fireproof, are worthy of all praise; but I have thought that if the princely sums expended on merely decorative features had been devoted to the purchase of books, the present stringency would not have arisen, and earnest students would not be obliged to conduct their researches amid the social surroundings of a public art museum.

H. Carrington Bolton.

New York, October 14, 1895.

Notes.

At last the English Dialect Dictionary challenges the public support without which the mighty enterprise cannot begin to get into print in June, 1896. A thousand subscribers are needed, willing to engage to pay $7.50 annually for eight years, in return for two half-yearly parts. All such in this country should notify, without delay, the American agents, G. P. Putnam's Sons, No. 27 West Twenty-third Street, New York. There ought to be at least a thousand public libraries which would deem this monument to the language indispensable to their collections.

B. Westermann & Co., 812 Broadway, invite subscriptions to a 'Bibliographie Française,' a collection of the catalogues of French booksellers analogous to our own 'Publishers' Trade-List Annual' and the English 'Reference Catalogue of Current Literature.' The price in paper will be four dollars a *copy* (there may be several volumes). Besides an alphabetical index, there will be a systematic classification. This is good news to all libraries and students.

Two collections of unpublished letters of David Ricardo have been brought to light in England, during the past summer, by Dr. J. H. Hollander of Johns Hopkins University. They comprise Ricardo's correspondence with J. R. McCulloch, and a series of letters addressed to Hutches Trower, Esq. It is proposed to publish both collections, numbering some seventy letters in all, and Dr. Hollander would be glad to hear of any other letters of Ricardo in private possession.

A popular Life of the late Prof. Blackie, by H. A. Kennedy, will be issued by James Clarke & Co., London, close upon the publication of Miss Anna Stoddart's two-volume biography. It will be illustrated with portraits and otherwise.

Mr. Scargill-Bird's valuable 'Handbook to the Public Record Office' having gone out of print, a second edition of it has just been passed for the press by the author, before he left London for Constantinople for his holiday. The new edition will differ materially from the first, owing to its embodying the rearrangement of records as made of recent years by that energetic official, Mr. Maxwell Lyte, C.B., the Deputy Keeper. By the new system, all papers relating to the several Departments of State are grouped together, instead of being found under several headings, as was formerly the case. A number of new lists and indices have hence been issued during the past five years, which will, of course, be noticed under their proper heads. Another feature of the new edition will be an elaborate general index. It is noteworthy, as evidence of the usefulness of the 'Handbook' to others than historical students, that it has been the means of inducing students of the Inns of Court to resort to the Public Record Office for the perusal of old documents illustrative of legal procedure.

The volume upon the West Indies for Mr. Fisher Unwin's "History of the Nations" series will be written by Mr. James Rodway, author of 'The Struggle for Life in the Guiana Forest.'

Edward Arnold, London and New York, will shortly publish 'A Little Tour in America,' by Dean Hole; 'My South African Journey,' by Alice Balfour; 'Memories of Mashonaland,' by Bishop Bruce; 'Fire and Sword in the Sudan,' by Slatin Pasha; 'Robert Louis Stevenson,' by Walter Raleigh; and 'Benjamin Jowett,' by the Hon. Lionel Tollemache.

Mr. Edmund Gosse, in the *Athenæum* for October 5, disavows any responsibility for an edition of the works of Thomas Gray associated with his name by the American house of Frederick A. Stokes & Co.

Macmillan & Co. have become the American agents for the "Arber Reprints," of which the Paston Letters are the latest issues. In connection with the Cambridge (England) University Press they will publish 'The Scientific Papers of John Couch Adams'; 'Collected Mathematical Papers of the late Arthur Cayley'; 'The Geographical Distribution of Mammals,' by R. Lyddeker; 'The Renaissance Period of Geographical Discovery,' by E. G. Ravenstein; 'The Early Renaissance in England,' by Bishop Creighton; 'Woman Under Monasticism,' by Lena Eckenstein; and 'The Growth of British Policy,' by the late Sir J. R. Seeley. For themselves they are about to bring out 'Bookbindings, Old and New,' by Prof. Brander Matthews, and Mr. John La Farge's admirable lectures at the Metropolitan Museum in 1893, under the title, 'Considerations on Painting'; and will shortly begin publication of an English translation of the entire works of Friedrich Nietzsche.

Additional announcements by Charles Scribner's Sons are 'The Art of Living,' by Robert Grant, and 'An Old New England Town,' by Frank Samuel Child.

D. Appleton & Co., will give a fresh garb to White's 'Natural History of Selborne,' in two volumes, with an introduction by John Burroughs, and a first appearance to Anthony Hope's 'Chronicles of Count Antonio.'

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, have in press 'Our Industrial Utopia and its Unhappy Citizens,' by David Hilton Wheeler, and 'That Dome in Air,' reviews of the works of Emerson, Lowell, Cowper, Blake, Whitman, and others, by John Vance Cheney, Librarian of the Newberry Library.

The Munich Verlagsanstalt für Kunst und Wissenschaft (New York: Westermann) will publish directly 'Richard Wagner, sein Leben, Lehren und Schaffen,' by Houston Stewart Chamberlain, with numerous portraits, facsimiles, and other illustrations.

Some nine months ago our Paris correspondent dealt fully with Albert Pulitzer's interesting work, 'Une Idylle sous Napoleon I.,' which Dodd, Mead & Co. now publish in English, in two handsome volumes, under the secondary title of 'The Romance of Prince Eugene.' The translation is by Mrs. B. M. Sherman, but it is not on the level of the typography. The want of command of either idiom is shown in these examples: "That Napoleon should say the word, and he [Murat] stood ready to sacrifice his family, his subjects. 'I should be lost,' he says, 'but I should have proved to you that I am still your best friend.'" "She never asked anything of me for her son, nor, by a perfection of tact, did she thank me for what I had done for him." There are two portrait frontispieces. The same firm send us a new edition of Charles Reade's 'Christie Johnstone,' with unfathered illustrations in wash-drawing, and Goldsmith's 'She Stoops to Conquer,' with illustrations by J. C. Gordon. The latter is well printed and richly bound, and the pictorial embellishments are much above the average, but their diversity (pen-and-ink and tone work) rather mars the decorative effect.

The *Portfolio*, though nominally a periodical magazine, is really a serial library, with each issue a book or section of a book. We have already commented on Julia Cartwright's two monographs on 'The Early Work of Raphael.' These have now been bound up in a plain yet elegant manner, and form a very desirable possession (Macmillan). There are eight photogravure plates, and a large number of half-tone cuts in the text. From Macmillan we have also a pretty reissue of Goldwin Smith's 'Oxford and her Colleges,' with characteristic photographic illustrations, including a boat-race; and an externally taking edition, in pocket-size, of Charles Kingsley's novels, 'Alton Locke,' 'Two Years Ago,' 'Westward Ho!'—but the compression has required a small type and thin paper, which will not commend them to those who enjoyed these classics in their youth.

Thicker paper, but fine type still, we find in the neat and companionable Cameo series of the Messrs. Scribner, which has lately been extended by 'A Chosen Few Short Stories,' by Frank R. Stockton, 'A Little Book of Profitable Tales,' by Eugene Field, 'The Reflections of a Married Man' and 'The Opinions of a Philosopher,' by Robert Grant, all which have a well-defined place in the lighter literature of the day.

Our list of reprints is enlarged by the addition of G. P. R. James's 'Richelieu,' in two volumes in the well-known style of the Knickerbocker Press, to the "Representative Novels" of the Messrs. Putnam, among which we may recall the writings of the Baroness Tautphoeus; and by a respectable, but scarcely beautiful, reproduction of the Chapman & Hall edition of Eugene Sue's 'The Wandering Jew,' in two volumes, by T. Y. Crowell & Co.

After the praise we gave Prof. C. F. Bastable's 'Public Finance,' on its first appearance in 1892, it is necessary for us only to note the issue of a second and revised edition (Macmillan). The revision involves a thorough overhauling of facts and figures, an account of several new tax laws enacted since the first

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edition, a new chapter on "Maxims of Taxation," and (a serious defect made good) an index.

Mr. Alfred Daniell's 'Text Book of the Principles of Physics' has reached a third edition (Macmillan). The author states that his treatise is intended primarily for students of medicine; and in adapting it to the wants of such students, he points out a physician's need of training in the great subjects of mechanics, light, heat, and electromagnetism—a need which even now is not fully recognized in the courses of study of medical schools in England and America. The treatise is an excellent book of reference; it does not contain unnecessary pictures, or descriptions of apparatus which is not strictly of use in developing the subject.

Prof. Horace Lamb's 'Hydrodynamics' (Cambridge, Eng.: University Press; New York: Macmillan) may be regarded as the second edition of a treatise on the 'Mathematical Theory of the Motion of Fluids' published by the same author in 1879. It contains, however, so many additions and alterations that the author has concluded to adopt a new title. Much space is devoted to the theory of waves and to the subject of viscosity. The subject of vortex motion is not enlarged upon, for the writer apparently considers it of chief importance in connection with that of motions of the ether. Both in this new treatise and in the new edition of Rayleigh's theory of sound, one perceives the influence of Maxwell's mathematical treatment of electrical problems upon the subject of wave motion in fluids. Conversely, in order to read Maxwell's great treatise on Electricity and Magnetism understandingly, one should read first such a treatise as this on hydrodynamics. The book fully sustains the reputation of the author.

A new edition of W. Slingo and A. Brooker's 'Electrical Engineering' comes to us from Longmans, Green & Co. It is designed for electric-light artisans and students, and embraces the branches prescribed in the syllabus issued by the City and Guilds Technical Institute. It contains excellent descriptions of the principal forms of direct current dynamos and alternating-current dynamos; of the various forms of electric lights and their manner of distribution; and of the instruments used in practical electrical measurements. The authors have given largely English types of machines and examples of English practice in electrical engineering. The treatise is therefore disappointing to an American student. There is no reference to the principle of the D'Arsonval galvanometer, and the American instruments devised by Weston are not mentioned. These instruments are now being rapidly introduced into England and Germany, and are far superior to instruments for the same purpose which are described in this treatise. One is surprised, also, to find no reference to the rotary magnetic field, and to the subject of "alternating"-current motors. In the United States the electric fan alternating electric motor is already widely used. There are installations of alternating-current motors for transmitting power over considerable distances, and the use of periodic currents in motors has passed the experimental stage.

The rapid progress in the construction of the Siberian Railway lends special interest to an account, in *Petermann's Mitteilungen* for September, of the Province of Transbaikalia. The larger, northern part is still clothed with dense forests of pine, cedar, fir, larch, and beech, and its 600,000 inhabitants (about equally divided between natives, Russians, and Cossacks) are scattered along the valleys of the numerous southern streams. Its seven towns and seven hundred and fifty villages have been built by direction of the Government so as to separate the native settlements from each other, the Cossacks being placed along the Chinese frontier. The chief occupation of the people is agriculture, though mining is making some progress. Nine thousand men are gold-miners, their annual earnings for the eight years preceding 1890 being 3,500,000 rubles. Besides gold, which is apparently found in all the streams, there are deposits of silver, lead, tin, iron, quicksilver, coal, and salt in various places. The silver and lead mines are worked chiefly by convicts, who are paid regular wages, of which 45 per cent. goes into the provincial treasury, 45 per cent. into the prison fund, and 10 per cent. is given to the convict when his term of hard labor is over. If his behavior has been good, he can then become a farmer. There are now sixteen thousand of these paroled prisoners, the yearly average of fresh arrivals being twenty-two hundred. Another occupation, principally of the natives, is the transportation of tea, of which twelve million rubles' worth pass every year over the two great trade routes from China westward. The return freight of the caravans consists mainly of skins, gold, and silver.

The *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for October opens with Mr. H. J. Makinder's presidential address to the geographical section of the British Association, in which he treats of the history of geography in the last two centuries, its place among the sciences, and the true method of teaching it. Mr. Scott Elliot gives an encouraging account of the capabilities of eastern tropical Africa for colonization.

—Those who would not lose a keen pleasure, as well as a source of deepest profit, should not overlook Prof. William James's article entitled "Is Life Worth Living?" in the current number of the *International Journal of Ethics*. It is not so much that he gives a final answer to the question, but the amount of clear thinking and of clear, straight, vivid feeling that the article contains is enough to furnish forth many articles of lesser men. His first task is to demolish whatever residue may remain, in the minds of the people he is addressing, of natural religion: the physical order of nature, he concludes, taken simply as science knows it, cannot be held to reveal any one harmonious intent; it is mere *weather*, as Chauncey Wright called it, doing and undoing without end. He then gives a most taking setting forth of the grounds for a more reasonable conception of the universe—grounds which, shreds and patches though they be, may yet reconcile us to a less gloomy view of human fate. It is a treatment of the subject which cannot but bring good heart to many a weary soul, whether or not it is all that can be said upon the question. For most of us, indeed, the question is not worth asking; we find a world full of human beings the great majority of whom are sure to go on living from an instinctive liking for life, without taking thought as to whether that liking has good grounds or not, and we also find that we who have energy, courage, leisure, can do an immense deal towards making their living, necessary evil even though it may be, far happier than it would be without us.

—The Japanese periodical press is now so voluminous and varied as to require a *Review of Reviews*, and the age of indexing has begun. The chief luminary is the *Sun*, the numbers of which from May to August are now on our table. The variety of themes treated by able native specialists in nearly every known department of science and speculation forces contrast with the cramped intellectual conditions of old hermit days. In a circle of bright young men who have come home with certificates of study or diplomas from schools beyond the oceans, a few untravelled natives like Prof. Kumé do more than hold their own. China, Korea, Formosa, and Russia claim especial attention from the points of view of the geographer and statesman; but literature, commerce, industry, agriculture, history, fiction, the drama, domestic economy, science, the fine arts, education, religion, and miscellaneous topics are luminously and ably discussed. The well-written editorials in English and the illustrations add emphasis to the proof of the thoroughness of Japan's acceptance of Western ideas. The *Fuzoku Gaho*, or illustrated magazine of Japanese life, and the *Maru-maru Shimbun*, the chief comic paper of Japan, bear witness of the same sort. As yet, however, the decency and self-restraint shown in their art and literature have not reached the merry side of their life. Japanese fun is still too coarse, and the *Puck* of Japan shows as yet, after ten years or more of publication, little else than the rudest caricature. The *Rikugo Zasshi* continues, with surprising vigor, to be the best Christian theological review in the empire. Eight or ten of the seventy sects of Japanese Buddhism also publish periodicals in vindication or propagation of their tenets. The war-magazine, which enjoyed a grand success during the continental campaign, is now gathering up the fragments of anecdote and history besides diligently reporting the fighting in Formosa. The *Historical Review* continues its solid work of investigation and critical scholarship.

—Harper & Bros. publish 'A Concise Dictionary of the English and Modern Greek,' by Dr. A. N. Jannaris, a cultivated Greek gentleman who visited this country a few years ago. This volume is confined to the English-Greek part, and will be very useful to the increasing number of visitors to Greece and Asia Minor who wish to learn the language of the country. Dr. Jannaris often gives us a great variety of Greek words as the equivalent of a common English word; these descend from the most elegant expressions seen in literary prose and heard in the most elegant circles in Athens down to the colloquial language of the streets. Many forms are marked to distinguish their character as "archaic," "literary," or "colloquial"; and the traveller is wisely advised, in talking with Greeks, to use the colloquial language by preference, and to avoid learned and archaic words. This dictionary will be a safe guide to a foreigner in Greek lands who wishes to enlarge his vocabulary after he has learned how to speak from a tutor and a phrase-book. In no language is there greater need of a sensible tutor who will teach a dialect which is neither too vulgar nor too scholastic. He who is led too far by an enthusiasm for restoring ancient Greek will find his language is understood by only a limited circle. The late Dr. Schliemann was fond of addressing his servants in a language based on the ancient Attic, but they always needed an interpreter to make it intelligible to them. Dr. Jannaris tells us how to say "go away" elegantly by ἀπέρχομαι and colloquially by φεύγω; but everybody in Athens understands the latter, and very few hesitate to use it. In many cases the use of the more elegant classical expressions is checked

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by their length. Nobody will use the polite word for wardrobe, ἱματιοφυλάκιον, when everybody understands and uses the Turkish δουλάπι for this piece of furniture. We notice a few words in the dictionary which we hardly think will ever need to be translated into Greek. Such are *hoity-toity*, *hugger-mugger*, *hocus-pocus*, and *bilk*, which have no real equivalents in Greek. It is almost comic to see *nous* given as an English word, translated, of course, by the same word in Greek letters. We hope this work will soon be followed by a corresponding volume with a Greek-English dictionary.

—The name of Johanna Ambrosius, the peasant poetess, has within a few months become a household word in every German home. The discovery of a new poet in that land of song could not of itself excite our special wonder, but the deep root which this woman's poems seem to have taken in the hearts of all classes of her countrymen is a circumstance sufficiently remarkable to arrest the attention of readers everywhere. The life of Johanna Ambrosius has been one of hard and humble labor in farm-house and field. Amid sordid cares and physical sufferings she found consolation for her sorrows by uttering them in hopeful, uncomplaining verse. The only sources of her scanty culture were the newspapers and the periodicals, and it was through the medium of these that from her home in a remote village of East Prussia her voice reached the outside world. These waifs of the poet's corner at last attracted the attention of Prof. Schrattenthal in Pressburg; he collected them, and at Christmas, 1894, they were published. In less than three months a fourth edition had appeared, and now the seventh is at hand. These poems have the winning beauty of directness and simplicity; their language is pure and their construction faultless; nowhere are we obliged to make allowance for the humbleness of the singer's station or for the meagreness of her educational opportunities. She reveals a genuineness of feeling and a lofty spirit of resignation which speak at once from heart to heart, and her words found a quick response in the imperial palace and the humblest home. The Empress, it is said, has given her a cottage and provided for her declining years; the most distinguished men of letters have spoken in her praise, and now comes the news that one of the greatest of modern song-composers has been inspired by the charm of her verse. In the near future we may expect to find the names of Johanna Ambrosius and Johannes Brahms linked to some lyric gem. The eminence as well as the number of the admirers of this peasant woman would seem to assure her a place above the foot-hills of the German Parnassus.

—An interesting report of Mr. Preston's geodetic and other observations in the Hawaiian Islands has recently been published by the Coast Survey Office. Not only have determinations of latitude, gravity, and the magnetic elements been made, but a new result for the mean density of the earth has been reached. After making a continuous study for one year of the force of gravity at Waikiki, an expedition was undertaken to the summit of Mauna Kea, an extinct volcanic crater, elevation 13,825 feet. At this unique station magnetic, latitude, and hypsometric observations were carried on and surveys made. Also, among other points, at Napoopoo, on the lee side of Hawaii, the magnetic elements were determined anew, where Captain Cook made similar observations in 1799; and at Lahaina, where De Freycinet established a station in 1819. At Kawaihæ are the remains of an ancient temple, famous in the early history of the islands as being the scene of the first steps toward consolidation of them all. A remarkable feature of this ruin is that although the early inhabitants had no metal tools, and are not even yet good mathematical reasoners, still their temples quite uniformly present accurate right angles. Ascending Mauna Kea, camp was established on the banks of a lake known as Waiau, one of the highest bodies of water in the world, at an elevation exceeding 13,000 feet. Mamame trees were not seen above 10,000 feet, and the last remaining trace of vegetation disappeared at 11,500 feet, although on the banks of the lake itself four kinds of plants were growing, and flies, spiders, and butterflies were seen. The extremes of temperature were very trying, 13° F. at night, and 108° F. in the daytime. Mr. Preston made an extensive collection of the rocks on Mauna Kea, from a study of which he derives a density of the mountain; and, combining this with his pendulum observations, he finds for the mean density of the earth 5.13, a constant probably one-twelfth part too small.

RECENT POETRY.

It is worth considering wherein lies the charm that attaches, it appears, to 'The Black Riders, and Other Lines,' by Stephen Crane (Boston: Copeland & Day). It is an attraction which makes young people learn it by heart, carry it into the woods with them, sleep with it under their pillows, and perhaps suggest that it should be buried with them in their early graves. Undoubtedly it offers new sensations: the brevity of its stanzas; its rhymelessness and covert rhythm, as of a condensed Whitman or an amplified Emily Dickinson; a certain modest aggressiveness, stopping short of actual conceit. The power lies largely in the fact that this apparent affectation is not really such, and that there is behind it a vigorous earnestness and a fresh pair of eyes. Even the capitalization of every word seems to imply that the author sought thus to emphasize his "lines"—just as Wordsworth printed "The White Doe of Rylstone," in quarto—to express his sense of their value. A mere experiment will show how much each page loses by being reduced to what printers call "lower-case" type; and yet this result itself seems unsatisfactory because anything which is really good, one might say, could bear to be printed in letters as small as in those microscopic newspapers sent out of Paris under pigeons' wings during the siege. The total effect of the book is that of poetry torn up by the roots—a process always interesting to the botanist, yet bad for the blossoms. As formless, in the ordinary sense, as the productions of Walt Whitman, these "lines" are in other respects the antipodes of his; while Whitman dilutes mercilessly, Crane condenses almost as formidably. He fulfils Joubert's wish, to condense a page into a sentence and a sentence into a word. He grasps his thought as nakedly and simply as Emily Dickinson; gives you a glance at it, or, perhaps, two glances from different points of view, and leaves it there. If it be a paradox, as it commonly is, so much the better for him. Thus (p. 12):

> In a lonely place,
> I encountered a sage
> Who sat, all still,
> Regarding a newspaper.
> He accosted me:
> "Sir, what is this?"
> Then I saw that I was greater,
> Aye, greater than this sage.
> I answered him at once,
> "Old, old man, it is the wisdom of the age."
> The sage looked upon me with admiration.

That is all, but it tells its own story, and is the equivalent of many columns. At other times he not merely intimates his own problem, but states it, still tersely (p. 26):

> Behold the grave of a wicked man,
> And near it a stern spirit.
>
> There came a drooping maid with violets,
> But the spirit grasped her arm.
> "No flowers for him," he said.
> The maid wept:
> "Ah, I loved him,"
> But the spirit, grim and frowning,
> "No flowers for him."
>
> Now this is it.
> If the spirit was just,
> Why did the maid weep?

Again, he gives his protest against superstition (p. 56):

> A man went before a strange God—
> The God of many men, sadly wise.
> And the Deity thundered loudly,
> "Kneel, mortal, and cringe
> And grovel and do homage
> To my particularly sublime Majesty."
> The man fled.
> Then the man went to another God—
> The God of his inner thoughts,
> And this one looked at him
> With soft eyes
> Lit with infinite condescension,
> And said, "My poor child!"

Better, perhaps, than any of these polemics are those "lines" which paint, with a terseness like Emily Dickinson's, some aspect of nature. Since Browning's fine description, in "England in Italy," of the "infinite movement" of a chain of mountains before the traveller, the same thing has not been more vividly put than here (p. 38):

> On the horizon the peaks assembled,
> And, as I looked,
> The march of the mountains began.
> As they marched, they sang,
> "Aye, we come! we come!"

That is all; but it is fine, it tells its own story. If it be asked whether it is also poetry, one can only remember Thoreau's dictum, that no matter how we define poetry, the true poet will presently set the whole definition aside. If it be further asked whether such a book gives promise, the reply must be that experience points the other way. So marked a new departure rarely leads to further growth. Neither Whitman nor Miss Dickinson ever stepped beyond the circle they first drew.

Mr. Henry T. Wharton issues the third edition—somewhat expanded, like its predecessor—of his admirable work on Sappho, to which we have heretofore called attention. It is doubtless the most complete and perfect tribute ever paid to any classic author, this perfection being of course facilitated by the very small fragment of Sappho's literary work remaining to us. Of the one hundred and seventy surviving pieces, only two or three are complete poems, and these have been oftener translated and more commented upon, probably, than any other remains of ancient literature. Mr. Wharton gives anew the text of every fragment, in an uncommonly beautiful Greek type, accompanied by his own literal translation of each, with a selection from other versions, some of which are of American origin. He also adds a new preface and a charming little view of Mitylene, by the late Clarkson Stanfield. The book, of course, takes the place of all other editions of what Swinburne called "the imperishable and incomparable verses of that supreme poet"; and one can only wish that this English critic, in attempting to borrow her passion, could have emulated the dignity and verbal restraint of his model.

Two tributes to the late Mr. Stevenson, both published by Copeland & Day, lie before us, the little pamphlet entitled 'A Seamark: A Threnody for Robert Louis Stevenson,' by

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Bliss Carman, and a book not much larger, 'Robert Louis Stevenson, and Other Poems,' by Richard Le Gallienne. Of the two threnodies both are wordy, but the American poet's is the stronger. Mr. Carman seldom fails in strong phrasing and imaginative expression, while the mystery and tragedy of the sea always touch him powerfully. He has striking verses like these:

> With all the nomad tented stars
> About him, they have laid him down,
> Above the crumbling of the sea,
> Beyond the turmoil of renown.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> His fathers lit the dangerous coast
> To steer the daring merchant home;
> His courage lights the darkling port
> Where every sea-worn sail must come.

Mr. Le Gallienne has also his fine touches:

> Death! why at last he finds his Treasure Isle,
> And he the pirate of its hidden hoard;
> Life! 't was the ship he sailed to seek it in,
> And Death is but the pilot come aboard;

or this characterization of human language:

> Strange craft of words, strange magic of the pen,
> Whereby the dead still talk with living men;
> Wherein a sentence, in its trivial scope,
> May centre all we love and all we hope;
> And in a couplet, like a rosebud furled,
> Lie all the wistful wonders of the world.

There are a few other poems in the book, and a deep personal sorrow has taken Mr. Le Gallienne further into life's depths and pruned away some of his affectations. These tributes call new attention to the yet unsolved problem of Mr. Stevenson's permanent fame, and are curiously contrasted with the omission of his very name from the new volume, just issued, of Johnson's revised Cyclopædia.

'First Poems and Fragments,' by Richard Henry Savage (Copeland & Day), is attractive to the eye by reason of the simple cover of brown pasteboard, with paper label, a form associated with the golden period when Tennyson and Browning were first coming before the world, and Moxon was their publisher. The contents of the book have the same honest simplicity; they are youthful without being crude, and are bathed in the atmosphere of American hills and forests. A note so true and tender as the following gives great promise (p. 62):

> I love the hills, but she the open shore,
> The shore because it lies along the sea.
> I would be lofty, solitary, free,
> Selfish at times; at times, hearing the roar
> Of the ocean where beneath the bending oar
> It does the planet service, I would be
> As rich in blessing, yea, as rich as she
> Is rich in blessing; I could not be more.
> I walk apart; my heart is in the sky,
> Yet ever yearning downward to the land;
> She walks where all the world is crowding by,
> And holds a little child in either hand;
> I bless her service with a troubled cry
> Of one who would, but cannot, understand.

Mrs. Sangster's 'Little Knights and Ladies' (Harpers) is a very pleasing cluster of poems inscribed to the children of the "Round Table," yet leaves it still an open question whether these old-world phrases and designations are appropriate to American children, and whether they had not better be left to the grown-up "Sir Knights" who call themselves "Templars." The following (p. 128) is one of the most effective of her little lays, and might really take rank with Norman Gale's cricket-poems:

AFTER THE MATCH.

> Both nines could not beat, of course!
> One must be the winner!
> Shouting till our throats were hoarse,
> Home we went to dinner.
>
> And the little sister there
> Met the nine defeated
> With so very sweet an air
> All their gloom retreated.
>
> "Oh, such meanness!" she exclaimed:
> "Why, your game was splendid.
> Everybody felt ashamed
> At the way it ended.
>
> "*You* were *fine!*" she firmly said,
> Beaming on her brothers;
> "Such a fuss!" she shook her head,
> "Just about the others."

If Emerson's "Hitch your wagon to a star" were the only prescription for a poet, Mr. Louis J. Block would have long since attained greatness. In 'The New World' (Putnams) his themes are of the highest; besides the New World itself, he sings of the Parliament of Religions, of Plato, Orpheus, Goethe, Dante, and the rest. But he makes it clear that much must still depend upon the wagon; and his chariot bears many words, but none that haunt us or charm us. It is little that his rhymes run riot and he matches "was" with "cause" and "gain went" with "attainment" (p. 23), but he fails to command or reach the reader, and never quite clears himself of the reproach of mediocrity. Mr. W. W. Nevin, a lawyer, has also hitched his poetic wagon to a star in publishing 'Dies Irae: Nine Original Versions' (Putnams). In dealing with a poem of a permanent fame, and one of which there have been already so many versions, it would have seemed better to spend a life in perfecting a single one than to have, so to speak, flung nine versions at random. The result is necessarily somewhat mediocre; but the preface is interesting, as pointing out how much of legal phraseology is really contained in this solemn hymn, and how well it reproduces in its atmosphere the actual trials of the Middle Ages.

'Religio Clerici,' by Alfred Starkey (London: Stock), is one of those prolonged, thoughtful, "Excursion"-like monologues in blank verse which are still produced in quiet English vicarages. They come especially from virtuous hearts somewhat divided between the charms of the Roman Catholic ritual (p. 27) and the tangible works of the Salvation Army (p. 24). It is difficult in prose to find a common formula for these two aspects of religion, and it proves no easier in verse. 'God's Parable, and Other Poems,' by Susannah Massey (Putnams), is pleasing and cultivated, drawing material from various lands; this material not, however, yielding any salient merit. 'A Bank of Violets,' by Fanny H. Runnells Poole (Putnams), has graceful out-door passages, and commemorates New Hampshire mountains, which is a merit; but its rustic heroines are christened Doris and Daphne, and, on the whole, nothing in the poems is so felicitous as their title.

'Songs of the Pines,' by James Ernest Caldwell (Toronto: Briggs), adds another name to the list of those young Canadian poets many of whom Mr. Sladen and Mr. Witherell have chronicled, but without mentioning this latest name. He shows little of the peculiarly attractive quality exhibited by Roberts and Scott and Carman, but has a pleasing simplicity, weighted down, however, by the total want of humor which permits his putting in print such lines as these (p. 27):

> "So wrote the misanthrope, aged twenty-two;
> A restful tomb just rising to his view,
> While as he wrote, beneath his own rooftree,
> A dread disease had come insidiously.
> Diphtheria had touched a little alien boy
> Far from his home, which erst was not of joy.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Here let him learn to turn aside from self;
> Nor live for pride or power or place or pelf."

Every year or two brings us from London—or quite as often from Oxford—some slender volume which shows us that youths and maidens still read their Praed, and the youths at least try their hand at his easy jingle. Given a few smooth double rhymes, a few alliterations, and some utterly unexpected combinations, and you have something which at least sends you back to Praed for pleasant associations. The latest of these is a slim volume, 'Ad Sodales,' by Frank Taylor (Oxford: Blackwell). Open wherever you please, you have the lilting strain (p. 25):

> "Where Pan from every reedy pool
> Leaps up to kiss the nymphs, his nieces,
> Where old Silenus plays the fool,
> And all the flocks have golden fleeces;
> Where no one rides in trams or trains,
> Where milk has always got the cream on,
> There Doris lives and Doris reigns,
> The loveliest maid in Lacedæmon."

It is not much; but it bids us turn back to our Praed and forget both Mr. Taylor and ourselves in the unexhausted charm of "Quincé" and "The Belle of the Ball" or "Twenty-eight and Twenty-nine."

In the beautifully printed volume, 'Last Poems,' by James Russell Lowell (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), we have the few final oozings from a rich and varied vintage; and it is a deeply interesting thing to compare them with those first warm, sweet drops that flowed in 'A Year's Life,' a book which, more than half a century ago, touched the heart of youth and taught contemporaries that a new poet had come. Margaret Fuller was in those days thought unjust to Lowell, and yet she perhaps said the acutest thing about that early volume when she wrote that its best critic would be some young person to whom it had acted as a stimulus. And so, at the other end of life, the best appreciation of this closing volume will come from those no longer young who will pardon the loss of something of that early and gushing enthusiasm, in view of the ripened product, the surer touch, the genial wisdom yielded by years. There is here no acidity, no narrowness; and in the closing poem on Grant, unfinished though it be, we have a twin picture with Lowell's magnificent characterization of Lincoln in the "Commemoration Ode." If less eloquent, it is more remarkable, since the temperament of Lincoln was far more nearly allied to that of Lowell than was Grant's; if the poem is more rugged, so is its theme, and its closing couplet will be accepted as the final summing up of the man selected for description:

> "Doer of hopeless tasks which praters shirk,
> One of those still plain men that do the world's rough work."

FITZGERALD AND MRS. KEMBLE.

Letters of Edward Fitzgerald to Fanny Kemble, 1871–1883. Edited by William Aldis Wright. Macmillan. 1895.

"I ASKED Donne to tell you, if he found opportunity, that some two months ago I wrote you a letter, but found it so empty and dull that I would not send it to extort the Reply which you feel bound to give. I should have written to tell you so myself, but I heard from Donne of the Wedding soon about to be, and I would not intrude then—I hope to the satisfaction of you all—and I will say my little say, and you will have to Reply, according to your own Law of Mede and Persian."

With this sentence opens the first letter in this collection, July 4, 1871, though far from the first of the correspondence with Mrs. Kemble, which began some four years previously. We quote it because it illustrates both the unity and the monotony of the series, inasmuch as some reference to Donne or his family occurs in the great majority of the letters up to the date of the death of the examiner of plays, and generally serves as a pretext for writing at all. In March, 1880, we find an allusion to "my average time of writing to you," and then to a lunar interval; the full moon being Fitzgerald's reminder of his old friend. In the years 1879–'82 his letters ranged from twelve to seventeen per annum, and there were twelve in 1875 also. Perhaps more were written than have been preserved or published, and it is an odd

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circumstance that but two bear the date of January. All told, they number 112, and, of these, twenty now see the light for the first time. The latest was written but eighteen days before Fitzgerald's sudden death on June 14, 1883.

The monotony and the repetitions are readily forgiven for the sake of the total impression of the relation between two such eminent personages; and a student of diction may even take delight in the variation of the formulas of apology and of courtesy with which these letters begin and close. Indeed, like the more miscellaneous series in two volumes uniform with the present, the epistolary style is a never-failing charm, enhanced by an erratic yet reasonable and often very effective punctuation and a wilful use of capitals, and by the racy idiom of the Suffolk coast. Fitzgerald writes to Mrs. Kemble that "Spedding tells me he is nearing Land with his Bacon," but in a contemporaneous letter to his editor he conveys the same news in the local manner: "Old Spedding . . . tells me that he begins to 'smell Land' with his Bacon." Two years later he does not hesitate to presage his end to Mrs. Kemble in the same manner: "I told you I had not been well all the Summer; I say I begin to 'smell the Ground,' which you will think all Fancy." On the one hand we meet with "Yankeeisms" like "down-East" and "expect" (for suspect); on the other, good but old-fashioned English, as in "My Castle Clock has gone 9 p. m., and I myself am but half an hour home from a Day to Lowestoft," keeps company with passages like the following, which has a flavor of Pepys's Diary:

"I kept this letter open in case I should see Arthur Malkin, who was coming to stay at a Neighbour's house. He very kindly did call on me: he and his second wife (who, my Neighbour says, is a very proper Wife), but I was abroad—though no further off than my little Estate; and he knows I do not visit elsewhere. But I do not the less thank him, and am always yours."

Our previous knowledge, through self-revelation, of the shy recluse of Woodbridge and Lowestoft is confirmed rather than enlarged by these letters. He is still the most independent of critics, who cannot admire Goethe's "Faust" as a work of construction or imagination, or "doat on George Eliot," or take any satisfaction in Tennyson's later productions (least of all, in the "dramas"), or join a Browning Society, or find Irving endurable as an actor. His "famous Lyceum Hamlet . . . was incomparably the worst I had ever witnessed, from Covent Garden down to a Country Barn. . . . When he got to 'Something too much of this,' I called out from the Pit door where I stood, 'A good deal too much,' and not long after returned to my solitary inn." Towards "Daddy Wordsworth" there is a noticeable softening. Reproaching Tennyson with talking too much about his own writings, and the criticisms of them, he adds: "Even old Wordsworth, wrapt up in his Mountain mists, and proud as he was, was above all this vain Disquietude: proud, not vain, was he: and that a Great Man (as Dante) has some right to be—but not to care what the Coteries say." In Keats's letters in Lord Houghton's Life, he tells Mrs. Kemble, "you will find what you may not have guessed from his Poetry (though almost unfathomably deep in that also) the strong, masculine Sense and Humour, etc., of the man: more akin to Shakespeare, I am tempted to think, in a perfect circle of Poetic Faculties, than any Poet since." His love for Carlyle is renewed by Froude's biography, and he has but slight censure for Froude's publication of the Reminiscences. Mr. Wright prints a curious deprecatory letter from the historian to Fitzgerald, elicited by the tender of letters from Carlyle, "the fuliginous and spasmodic," as he is elsewhere designated; in 1876, "quite well for his Age: and vehement against Darwin, and the Turk."

American readers can but be struck by Fitzgerald's criticism of Lowell and Hawthorne. In place of quoting this, we extract a part of the luminous comparison of two Old World poets:

"What inspires me now [1873] is, that, about the time you were writing to me about Burns and Béranger, I was thinking of them 'which was the Greater Genius?'—I can't say: but, with all my Admiration for about a Score of the Frenchman's almost perfect Songs, I would give all of them up for a Score of Burns's Couplets, Stanzas, or single Lines scattered among those quite *im*perfect Lyrics of his. Béranger, no doubt, was The *Artist;* which still is not the highest Genius—witness Shakespeare, Dante, Aeschylus, Calderon, to the contrary. Burns assuredly had more *Passion* than the Frenchman; which is not Genius either, but a great part of the Lyric Poet still. What Béranger might have been, if born and bred among Banks, Braes, and Mountains, I cannot tell: Burns had that advantage over him. And then the Highland Mary to love, amid the heather, as compared to Lise the Grisette in a Parisian Suburb!"

Fitzgerald's own rating of himself is worth remarking. He has, he says, "but little, if any, faculty of critical Analysis," but is "very strong in Scissors and Paste," as when engaged in popularizing Crabbe—"a very, very little Job, you see; requiring only a little Taste, and Tact." Speaking of Arthur Helps's writings, which he "could never relish," "I suppose," he allows, "they will help to swell that substratum of Intellectual *Peat* (Carlyle somewhere calls it) from [which] one or two living Trees stand out in a Century"; and he subscribes himself "A very small Peat-contributor." The happy phrase is traced to its origin in a footnote by Mr. Wright, and proves to owe its proverbial quality to Fitzgerald alone, in that process of *rifacimento* to which he seemed to subject everything that seized hold on his memory. On the grand scale we see this process in his version of the quatrains of Omar Khayyám, of the "Agamemnon" and the Spanish dramas, of the "Bird Paradise." More humbly it is visible in the Haydon verse included in his queer scrap-book, 'Half-Hours with the Worst Authors.' "There are," observes Mr. Wright, "seven stanzas in the original, but Fitzgerald has omitted in his transcript the third and fourth, and slightly altered one or two of the lines." Again, he cites, as if from Crabbe, this couplet:

"Friend of the Poor—the Wretched—the Betray'd,
They cannot pay thee—but thou shalt be paid."

Mr. Wright, however, cannot ascertain that these lines are to be found in Crabbe, "but they appear to be a transformation of two which occur in the Parish Register," to wit:

"Friend of distress! The mourner feels thy aid.
She cannot pay thee, but thou wilt be paid."

Here Fitzgerald's "Taste and Tact" have worked to good purpose, even to the substitution of *shalt* for *wilt*, and to the skilful employment of the dash.

One gets glimpses in this volume of Fitzgerald's family, and particularly of his mother, "a very handsome, clever, and eccentric woman," as Mrs. Kemble testifies, and her son corroborates:

"She was a remarkable woman, as you said in a former letter; and as I constantly believe in outward Beauty as an index of a Beautiful Soul within, I used sometimes to wonder what feature in her fine face betrayed what was not so good in her Character. I think (as usual) the Lips: there was a twist of Mischief about them now and then, like that—in the tail of a Cat!—otherwise so smooth and amiable."

She was first cousin to her husband—"stesso sangue, stessa sorte," as the clasp of a bracelet of his hair was inscribed—and from this union sprang our Edward, "distinguished," in Mrs. Kemble's words, "from the rest of his family, and indeed from most people, by the possession of very rare intellectual and artistic gifts. A poet, a painter, a musician, an admirable scholar and writer, if he had not shunned notoriety as sedulously as most people seek it, he would have achieved a foremost place among the eminent men of his day, and left a name second to that of very few of his contemporaries." With this most just estimate we take leave of our subject, after remarking two errors in the American edition of the 'Letters.' The omission of *how* after *hear* makes Fitzgerald unfeelingly remark (p. 163): "When last you wrote, you were all in Flannel; pray let me hear you are now." And in the footnote on page 169 the second *as* should be *at*. Mr. Wright's notes are, as usual, models of helpfulness and restraint. Perhaps one should have been provided for Fitzgerald's misleading statement, March 31, 1882 (p. 228): "It is my seventy-fourth Birthday," even if on the opposite page he says: "Here is a day for entering on seventy-four!" As he was born in 1809, most people would reckon a seventy-third birthday.

The Greater Poems of Virgil. Vol. I., containing the first six books of the Æneid. Edited by J. B. Greenough and G. L. Kittredge. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1895.

PROF. GREENOUGH'S Virgil has been some time before the public. The present edition is in many respects a new book. The editor is fortunate in securing the coöperation of so extremely accomplished a linguist as Prof. Kittredge. The introduction is very elaborate, containing an account of the literary conditions of the Augustan age, the nature of epic poetry in general, and the position of Virgil in his own and later times. The instructions for translation and metrical reading for the benefit of learners have been remodelled; the pictorial illustrations made much more numerous, with inclusion of an elaborate colored picture of the fall of Icarus, from a Pompeian wall-painting; and a profuse variety of quotations from modern poetry inserted, in which Virgil has been imitated or paralleled in the many centuries from Dante to Tennyson.

It is very doubtful if these additions help in the practical instruction of Latin at the age when Virgil is generally studied. Captivating as pictures are to the eyes of school committeemen who are to decide on the introduction of editions, they serve chiefly as sketches for boys to elaborate with irreverent pencils; and however much the mass of parallel poetry may charm those who are bemoaning every day the subordination of the literary to the philological side of scholarship, it remains true that the mind of keen and studious youth is much more easily stirred by critical than by æsthetic culture. They may be stirred by the very best poetry, if it is simple enough; but Gower, George Peele, and Phineas Fletcher will assuredly be wasted on them. To such authors they are not likely to have access in an ordinary school, and the same is true of many others quoted in this book. If they can get at

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a Dante, what will they make of the quotation on page 251, where Inferno xii. is misprinted ii.? This quotation, by the way, like many others, is dragged in with very slight parallelism.

It is strange to see two such scholars clinging to a sort of half belief that the 'Culex,' 'Ciris,' 'Copa,' etc, were written by the author of the 'Eclogues,' and what is meant by καταλεπτά on page xix.? Is it a misprint for καταληπτά? When did the Medicean manuscript get moved from Florence to Rome (page xxxiii.)?

Li Hung Chang. By Robert K. Douglas. [Public Men of To-day.] Frederick Warne & Co. 1895.

Our first feeling in reading a book like this is that of sympathy with and admiration of the biographer. To write the biography of a living Chinaman is even more difficult than to reconstruct in print the life of a dead European or Japanese. Even in Mikado-land, most modern biographies are based on the personal letters, journals, speeches, diaries, or other data from the subject's own hand, lips, or mind. In China, where no social life, in our sense of the term, exists, women are club-footed prisoners, private letters (in our sense) are curiosities, and things are for show or imposing sham, the materials for a biography of anything but a human figure head are excessively scant. Nevertheless, the keeper of Oriental manuscripts in the British Museum, who had the temerity to name his penultimate volume 'Chinese Social Life,' now sends forth what may fairly be called a signal success in biography. He pictures the rise of the student who, born in 1822, became a Taotai in 1859. Standing, physically and mentally, head and shoulders above the average of his countrymen, he displayed from the first high intellectual powers and a thorough mastery of the details of Chinese official life. It may be safely said, however, that his greatest teachers, in those phases of character and in the actual achievements which have made him the incarnation of such progress as China has been able to make in the past forty years, were not Confucians. If anything seems plain from the documentary and other evidence given by Prof. Douglas, it is that the American Ward, the Englishman Gordon, and even the Frenchman Burgevine were true trainers of the man who stands before the world, apparently, as a new type of Chinaman.

Yet with all the rhetoric and facts set so pleasantly before us in this book, there is no evidence that Li, in adopting Western externals, ever became anything more than a Chinese, a worshipper of the dead, and a "corruptionist" of the true Cathayan order. That he has been converted in any real sense seems absurd to believe. To him the teaching of the ancient sages in the infancy of the world is perfection. The Westerns are but machinists. In morals and statecraft they are to him hopelessly barbarous or weakly imitative. Even at Shimonoséki, the proofs that his idea of patriotism or political service differs in no wise from that of our own bosses, were strikingly clear. His towering conceit in 1894 led him to provoke war with Japan, hoping thereby to secure money and concessions for the building of a railway to the Russian frontier. He expected quickly to sink the "pigmies'" fleet and annihilate their armies, by playing his old game of simply setting one set of foreign machines against another. Thus would he win Korea back to Chinese vassalage. After this he hoped triumphantly to combine patriotism and personal advantage in railway building. Unfortunately for Li, the Japanese, in changing weapons for the better, had changed their minds also in the same direction. Prof. Douglas reads his subject aright when he says of Li, "Nothing he has heard, nothing he has seen, nothing he has read of Western lands, has served to shake for an instant his implicit belief in the ineffable wisdom of the founders of Chinese polity, or in the superiority of the civilization of China over that possessed by any other nation on the face of the earth."

That saviours and regenerators of China are yet to come out of her own people, it is not impossible to hope or even believe, but it will be only when "the traditions of the elders," as embodied in the books which Confucius emasculated and edited, and in the "history" which he falsified, are reduced to things as harmless as extinct volcanoes. Whether wrought by the labors of scholars, the teaching of missionaries, the blows of war, the example of Japan, or a slow and total change of mental climate, such a consummation is to be devoutly wished.

So good a book deserves an index, which it inexcusably lacks.

Echoes of the Playhouse: Reminiscences of Some Past Glories of the English Stage. By Edward Robins, jr. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1895.

Although, in view of the immense amount of antecedent literature upon the subject, it would be unreasonable to expect to find anything absolutely new in a book of biographical and historical notes relating to the English stage, the compact and attractive little volume put together by Mr. Edward Robins, jr., will prove both interesting and valuable, not only to such casual readers as may wish to obtain a bird's-eye view of the whole field of theatrical development at a small expense of time and trouble, but to genuine enthusiasts, who will discover in it a pleasant means of renewing acquaintance with treasured memories. It is a rapid and fragmentary, but lively, judicious, and well proportioned sketch of English theatrical history from the days of the old miracle plays in the twelfth century down to the end of the eighteenth century, void, indeed, of dry, laborious antiquarian detail, but mindful of most of the salient facts and personages in the gradual evolution of the modern theatre and drama from the early moralities, masks, pastorals, and interludes of the pre Elizabethan period to the golden age of Garrick and Siddons.

The conspicuous merits of the book are the orderly arrangement of its contents, its agreeable style, its adroit use of quotations from such contemporaneous authorities as Cibber (an admirable critic in spite of his egotism), Pepys, Quin, Addison, Steele, and others, and its skilful avoidance of stale material. While giving due prominence to the great lights of the theatrical profession, Mr. Robins devotes a large share of the space at his disposal to men and women famous or notorious in their era, but comparatively unknown, except to specialists, in the present generation. He gives us glimpses, for instance, of Charles Hart, Shakspere's grandnephew, and of Joseph Haines, a comedian who won renown by his impersonation of such characters as *Sparkish* in "The Country Wife," and created a great hubbub by announcing his conversion to Rome in consequence of a visitation by the Virgin Mary with which he professed himself to have been honored. His character as a practical joker caused grave suspicions to be entertained of his sincerity, and indignation was so hot against him that he found it expedient to make a public recantation before the footlights. A much more picturesque rascal was that Cardell Goodman, commonly known as "Scum" Goodman, who forsook the stage for the highway, and narrowly escaped hanging on that account, only to be put in peril of his neck again for his attempt to kill two of Lady Castlemain's children. Other interesting paragraphs refer to the bewitching Moll Davis, one of the many mistresses of the reprobate Charles II. and an ancestress of the Derwentwater family; Clun; the unfortunate Will Mountford and his dazzling wife, and Sanford, who was accounted the completest stage villain of his time.

A capital account of Thomas Betterton, fortified with copious extracts from Cibber, conveys a clear notion of the powers and limitations of that famous player, and incidentally relates the coöperative experiment tried by Sir William Davenant in the management of his company—a plan which might be imitated, perhaps, with advantage to-day, when theatrical art is suffocated by the greedy and ignorant speculators who control it. After due tributes to the beauty and abilities of Mrs. Barry and Anne Bracegirdle, and of that wonderful mimic Dick Estcourt, immortalized in the pages of Sir Richard Steele, Mr. Robins furnishes an appreciative chapter upon the drama of the early eighteenth century, sketching lightly but critically the characteristics and style of Congreve, Vanbrugh, Farquhar, Mrs. Centlivre, the disreputable Aphra Behn, and the classical Addison. Very good, too, in its colloquial vein, is the chapter upon Colley Cibber, who, in great part, is made to draw his own picture by means of neatly selected quotations from his 'Apology,' a book brimful of interesting reading.

But space will not admit of even the barest enumeration of the familiar names which follow each other in quick succession through these pages. The brilliant career of Nance Oldfield is traced from her first triumph as *Lady Betty Modish*, and her later scarcely less remarkable achievements in tragedy, to the hour when it was crowned by her burial in Westminster Abbey. Sufficient tribute, too, is paid to the grace and skill of Robert Wilks, that theatrical Prince Charming, and to the mannered but doubtless highly effective style of Quin, whose fame would have been brighter if he had not had the misfortune to be eclipsed by Garrick. Charles Macklin, one of the most savage personalities and one of the finest actors in theatrical annals, the genius who first recognized and revealed the tragic and pathetic elements in *Shylock*, is the subject of a full and interesting study, and there are many judicious excerpts from the rich fund of anecdote relating to Foote, in his varied capacities of actor, manager, wit, mimic, and humorist. Liberal space, of course, is accorded to the phenomenal Garrick, but on that topic there is nothing new to be said. Mr. Robins's review, however, evinces a discriminating comprehension of little Davy's distinctive qualities as actor and man, and presents him faithfully in both aspects. His sketch of Peg Woffington is also well done, and he closes his notes with brief references to Miss Young and Mrs. Yates.

As an interesting summary of English stage history in its personal aspect, from the Restoration to the beginning of the present century, this little book fulfils its object. It contains a large amount of information, with an abundance of well-authenticated anecdote, and suc-

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ceeds in imparting an air of freshness to an old story.

Studies in English. Written and Spoken, for the Use of Continental Students. By C. Stoffel. First Series. Zutphen: Thieme; London: Luzac.

Of the various studies in modern English that have come to us of late from Continental scholars, the above-named work is up to the standard in the matter of close observation and laborious scholarship. Stoffel's subjects are not, however, of the sort that admit of philosophical treatment or demand original thinking, as are, for example, those handled by Jespersen in his 'Progress of Language,' recently reviewed in these columns. In the chippy style one is accustomed to from Herrig's *Archiv*, Stoffel deals with various functions of the preposition *for*, with the difference between *no* and *not*, with *only* in the sense of 'except,' etc. He has a chapter on Scriptural phrases and allusions, and an elaborate study of slang, based upon the "'Arryese" of *Punch*. Much that the author has brought together will be welcomed by the next generation of dictionary makers; but it is rather in dictionaries and grammars that the material belongs than in would be essays.

Moreover, colloquial speech is very dangerous ground to the foreigner, whatever his familiarity with it. He is apt to lack that indescribable instinctive feeling which will guide the native aright. Our author is struck with the phrase "How is that for high?" which he says is the American's first question on tasting a pie.

"The American plays with the sense of the word *high* in this vulgar phrase: he intends it to mean 'slightly putrid,' 'strong smelling,' referring to the game inside the pie. . . . The meaning of the hackneyed phrase *How's that for High?* in the American speaker's mouth is therefore: 'What do you think of the strong smell and taste of the game inside this pie?'"

Dr. Stoffel found "dog-gone" in *Punch*: "Chicago makes ready for more derned, dog goned *Fêtes* [in honour of Columbus] to last till, at least, next October!" upon which he makes the learned comment: "*Dog gone*, wonderful, astounding; an Americanism about which I can give no further information."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Bartlett, Prof. E. J. Laboratory Exercises in Chemistry. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. 50 cents.
Bingham, N. W., Jr. The Book of Athletics. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co. $1.50.
Colville, Col. Sir Henry. The Land of the Nile Springs: Being chiefly an account of how we fought Kabarega. Edward Arnold.
Douglas, Miss Amanda M. A Sherburne Romance. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Echegaray, José. The Great Galeoto, Folly or Saintliness. Done into English Prose by Hannah Lynch. London: John Lane; Boston: Lamson, Wolfe & Co.
Flagg, Prof. Isaac. The Lives of Cornelius Nepos. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. 90 cents.
Goetne's Faust. The First Part, with a Literal Translation and Notes for Students. London: David Nutt.
Heimburg, W. Beetzen Manor. International News Co. 50 cents.
Irving, Washington. The Sketch Book. [Students' Edition.] Putnams. $1.
Johnson, Annie F. Joel, a Boy of Galilee. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.50.
Kellner, Prof. M. L. The Prophecies of Isaiah: An Outline Study. Cambridge, Mass: The Author.
Lorimer, Rev. G. C. The People's Bible History. Prepared in the Light of Recent Investigations. Chicago: Henry O. Shepard Co.; New York: S. H. Peabody.
Mackay, Eric. A Song of the Sea, and Other Poems. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.
Nason, Emma H. The Tower, with Legends and Lyrics. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Noble, J. A. Impressions and Memories. London: Dent: New York: Putnams. $1.50.
Pater, Walter. Miscellaneous Studies: A Series of Essays. Macmillan. $1.75.
Patterson, Arthur. A Son of the Plains. Macmillan. $1.25.
Randle, F. A. Idwymon: A Story of Napoleonic Complications. G. W. Dillingham.
Ransome, Prof. Cyril. An Advanced History of England. Macmillan. $2.25.
Ray, Anna C. Half a Dozen Boys. New ed. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.
Raymond, Evelyn. The Mushroom Cave. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.50.
Southey, Robert. English Seamen. London: Methuen & Co.; Chicago: Stone & Kimball. $1.25.
Southworth, G. A. The Essentials of Arithmetic. Book II. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. 60 cents.
Southworth, Mrs. The Two Sisters. M. J. Ivers & Co. 25 cents.
Stanley, Hiram M. Studies in the Evolutionary Psychology of Feeling. London: Sonnenschein; New York: Macmillan. $2.25.
Talbot, C. R. The Impostor: A Football and College Romance. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co. $1.50.
Tenney, E. P. The Triumphs of the Cross. Boston: Balch Bros.
The Household of Sir Thomas More. Illustrated. Scribners. $2.25.
Townsend, E. W. A Daughter of the Tenements. Lovell, Coryell & Co. $1.75.
Tufts, Prof. J. A. Scott's Lady of the Lake. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. 35 cents.
Turgenev, Ivan. Fathers and Children. Macmillan. $1.25.
Uncle Sam's Homilies on Finance. Cleveland, O.: Current Events Co. 50 cents.
Valentine, Prof. W. W. New High German: A Comparative Study. 2 vols. London: Isbister & Co.
Vynné, Nora. A Man and His Womankind. Henry Holt & Co. 75 cents.
Ward, H. D. A Dash to the Pole. Lovell, Coryell & Co. $1.
Warder, G. W. After Which All Things. G. W. Dillingham. 50 cents.
Wakeling, G. The Oxford Church Movement: Sketches and Recollections. London: Sonnenschein; New York: Macmillan. $2.25.
Walton, Izaak. The Lives of Donne, Wotton, etc. London: Methuen & Co.; Chicago: Stone & Kimball. $1.25.
Wells, H. G. The Wonderful Visit. Macmillan. $1.25.
Wesselhoeft, Lily F. Frowzle the Runaway. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.25.
Whist or Bumblepuppy. By Pembridge. Revised and enlarged edition. F. Warne & Co. $1.
White, Eliza Orne. The Coming of Theodora. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
White, H. K. History of the Union Pacific Railway. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $1.50.

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